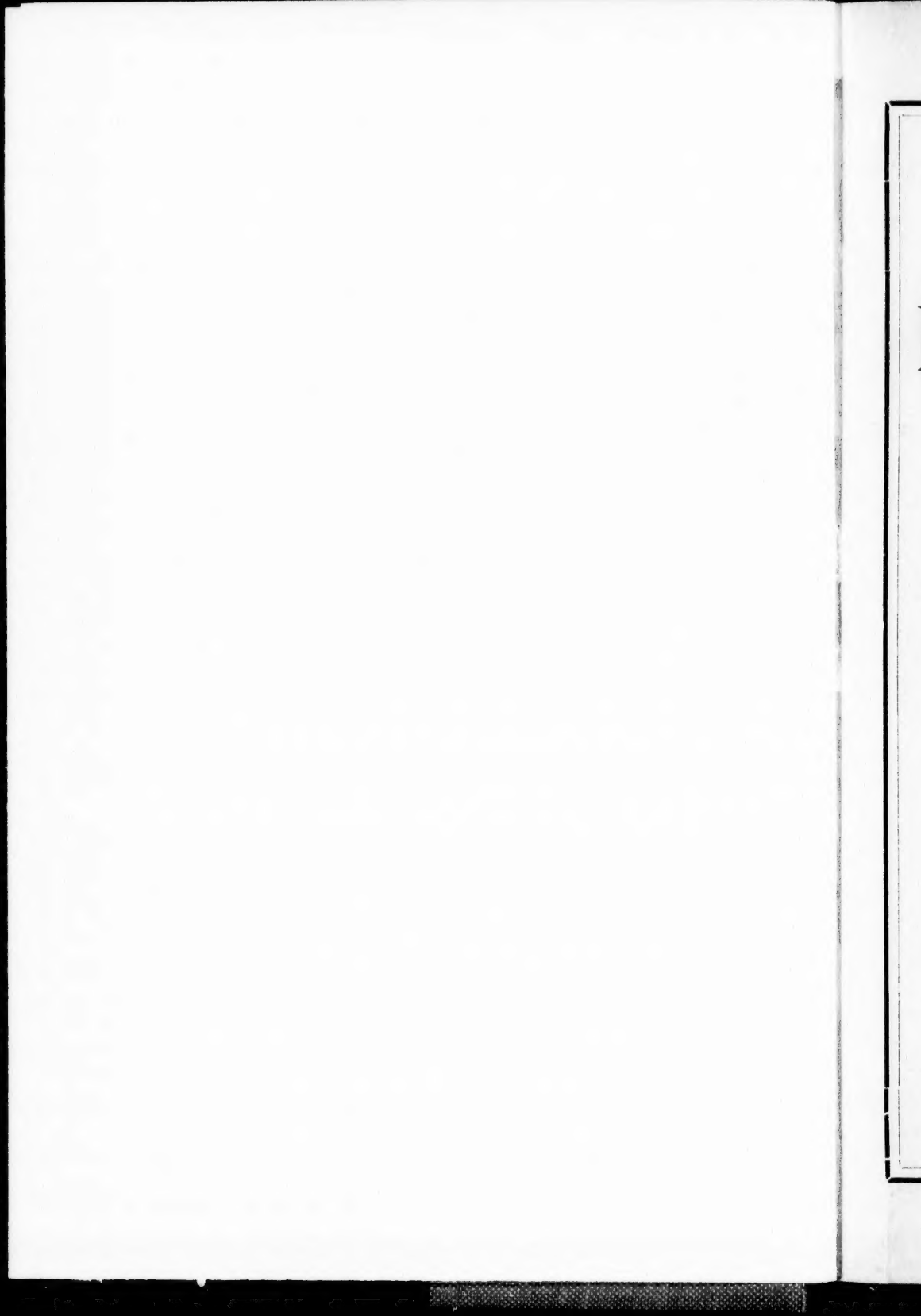




REMINISCENCES
— OF —
MY FIRST VOYAGE



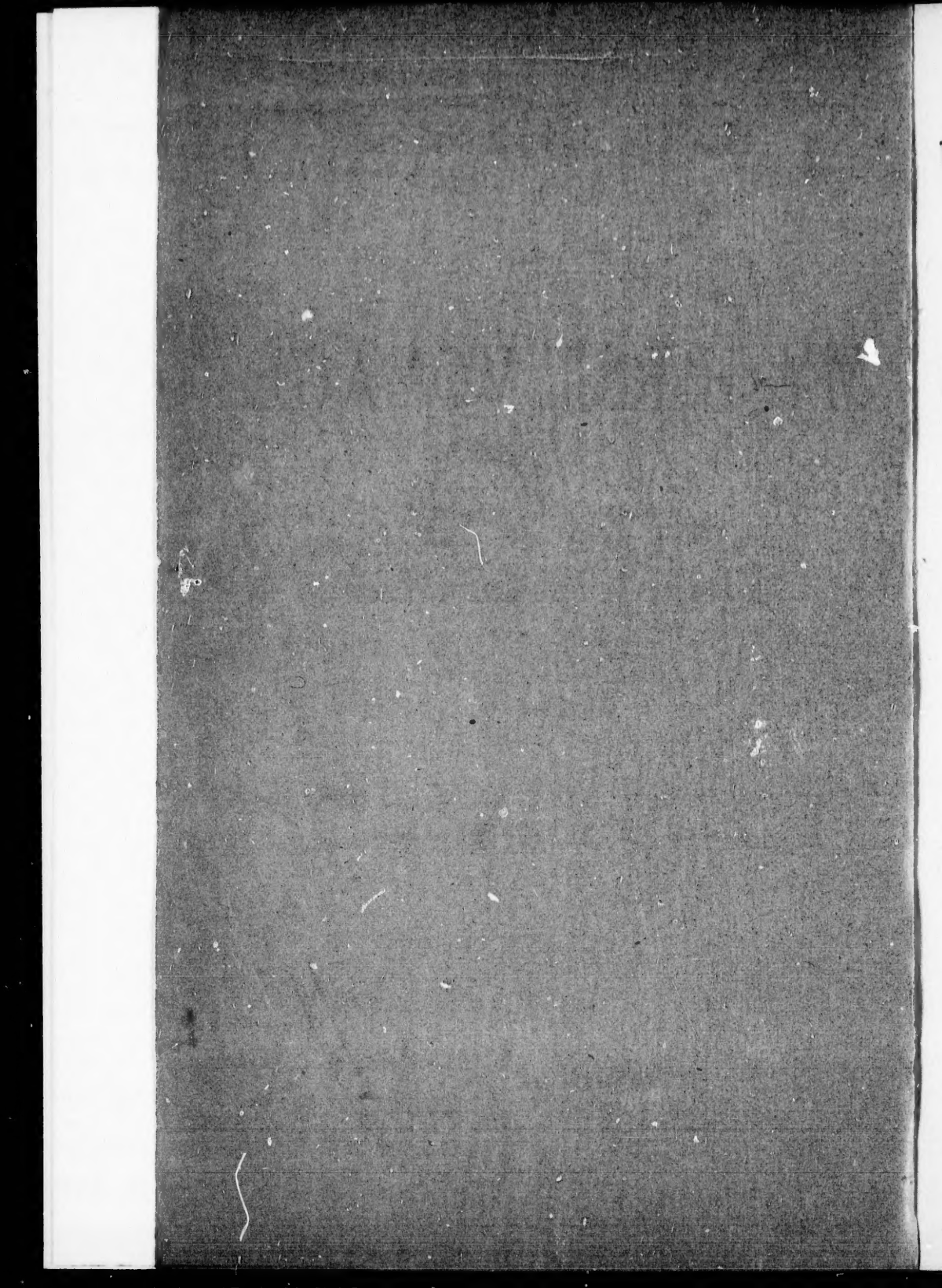
FROM AMERICA
— TO —
ENGLAND.

1883.

W. C. W. B.

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PREFACE.

In the following pages I have endeavored to depict some of the sights and scenes, and to relate occasional incidents, that were met with by a Canadian journeying across the mighty Ocean to the Great City of London.

Having written, daily, contracted notes as places of interest, &c., were viewed by me, I have enlarged somewhat on these writings, but allowed the form—that of a Diary—to remain the same, which, I trust, will tend to make this little work more interesting than it might otherwise be to the reader, as he reads each day's doings.

During a five weeks' stay in London, a very small part of the sights of the Metropolis can be seen ; but, nevertheless, the contents of these pages will show to the inexperienced traveller, at least, what may and can be seen even with so short a time as was at my disposal, while rambling through the Great City of London.

W. C. W. B.

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MY FIRST VOYAGE.

Friday, June 29th.—On leaving the Elgin Street Station, we settle ourselves as best we can for a three or four hours' pleasant run, *via* Canada Atlantic Railway, to the City of Montreal. From conversation on the route, we do not find any other passengers bound for the "Big Town." Along the line new buildings are noticed in course of construction, here and there, particularly near the stations, all of the latter being compact and neat. Arriving in the city between eight and nine in the evening, we have good time to rest ourselves before again boarding a train. With hand-basket in hand, we march along a platform of considerable length, reaching a building (Bonaventure Station) about the size of Ottawa Drill Hall. Entering the station we make our way to waiting and also lunch room, where hungry individuals on the tramp may easily appease their appetites—provided they are not altogether above the average—with such victuals as sandwiches, coffee and tea, sweetmeats, at moderate prices.

Laying in a good supply of the above, we make a move in order to find a train for Quebec. As we had been made aware of the convenience of checking luggage through, we did so, and thus saved a vast amount of trouble and annoyance. Numerous trains for different parts are being formed hurriedly as it nears ten p.m. These have supplies of sleeping cars attached, into one of which we take a sly peep, and see before us a fine specimen of the African, busily tossing up the pillows and quilts. But this we find is not our place of rest, so we follow on to the opposite side, passing scores of berths ready for occupants, trunks and packages hoisted in heaps, placed in long rows; until at last after grazing our shins several times in trying to dodge out of the way of some stray box, we see a card inscribed "Train for Quebec." This train had occupants in almost every car with bundles arranged so nicely on their own and opposite seats that it was simply impossible for our section to find sittings. To be seated or not seated? was now the question. On seeing an elderly gentleman comfortably taking possession of seat No. 2, by placing such articles as a "beaver," bandbox, bundle, and sundries on the cushions, I with solemn countenance quietly bounced him, or rather on his cushion No. 2, thus procuring sittings for myself and friend. The conductor now, in "broken English," shouts out "Take you one sitting, messieurs et mesdames." What a cold feeling runs through our bodies at the thought of having to sit thus until the "wee sma' hours." As the bell tolls the hour of ten,

the passengers begin to crowd in, filling up every available space in the car. This however does not last long, for other cars are put on by the Agent and off we go *en route* for Point Levi at very slow speed.

During the night we stop at a large number of railway stations, at several of which our train backed for quite a distance; for what reason I know not, as the night was intensely dark, and nought of the outside world was visible. Being frequently made aware of this backing, it did not always tend to smooth the ruffles of some fellow passenger who had just nicely arrived in the Land of Nod. Although we had no beds to lie on, it was impossible for one to keep his or her eyes open all night long, the old saying, "Necessity is the Mother of Invention," was highly enforced on this memorable night. One individual would throw a coat or shawl over the seat in front, or chair behind, and steal a sleep in that way, when bump! and the snooze was spoiled for that time. A grumbling sound is heard and soon silence again prevails, until some swain or damsel startles those not yet so pleasantly situated as they would wish, with a powerful snore. Although, at 9:45 p.m., a considerable amount of scolding was going on as to accommodation, yet by 12:45 a.m. very few of those were holding their heads erect.

Saturday, June 30th.—At one or two a.m., we find ourselves still driving on, with the frequent unwelcome bump or thump which call forth many a blessing from the tender-hearted. At length the dawn gradually appears but it is thought rather slowly. At Richmond, or vicinity, we had a long stop, passengers grumbling, babies crying, children groaning, &c.; so stepping outside, I find one of the car couplings broken off entirely. After a delay of an hour, a chain being procured to connect the carriages, we find ourselves moving on towards Point Levi Wharf. We arrive at the latter place about 8.30 a.m., and crossing at once in a ferry to the

CIRCASSIAN,

"our means of transit," we are soon walking up and down the main deck. At this point or portion of our journey, I am cautioned to look after the luggage, and chance to see a couple of trunks being nicely shaken up by some of those "Jolly Tars," and still more as they descend into the hold. Ours on the whole, however, kept together very well. Occasionally a trunk might be seen flattening out, with contents gradually appearing, to the horror of the owner and the amusement of the sailors. On passing the barrier, the next thing to be done seems to be this, the finding of our places of habitation for the next ten days. Walking through a very long passage, we at length turn into an open galley, near which are two rooms, each containing fourteen berths. These berths are each six feet in length by eighteen inches in breadth, placed round the room in tiers of two, one berth being above the other. If the individual whose berth is at the top

is not very steady, he stands every chance of doing damage to the lower occupant's physiognomy, as he places a foot on the lower berth to raise himself to the upper story. Each berth is supplied with a life-preserver in the form of a pillow, as well as pillow No. 2, blanket or quilt, sheet and mattress. A board is placed at the outer edge of the berth, that the lodger may not be uncereemoniously precipitated on to the deck below. The ladies' room is adjacent to ours and similarly furnished with bedding and other necessities.

I think vessels—Ocean Steamers—as they really are, do not at all resemble the objects that come to our imagination when we use the word “ship.” The

CIRCASSIAN

is four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and over sixty feet in width, with twenty-six feet in or rather below water when loaded. One morning, in taking a stroll down the promenade only, I took no less than one hundred and sixty-three steps, and as my statue would not be one of the smallest, being within a shadow of six feet, my steps would not fall short of the usual length.

The first part of the vessel boarded is the main deck, used as a promenade and place of resort for all those wishing to gain the full benefit of their voyage by catching the breezes, some of which we shall find rather more than sufficient. Descending to the next deck we reach the intermediate and cabin dining and sleeping compartments, while a flight of stairs below these are placed the lower intermediates. Down still lower, the steerage passengers are huddled together, and under these the luggage and cargo is packed; while in the bottom, minerals—phosphates on Circassian—are thrown, forming ballasts, thus helping to keep the mighty vessel righted.

During all this day we have been sailing on the grand St. Lawrence towards the Gulf, before reaching which we shall pass numerous towns, forests, barren wastes, gradually disappearing from view. We now all prepare for the first turn into bunk and will thus find out what it is to be lying at rest in a ship instead of between the plastered walls.

Sunday, July 1st.—Rising a little after five a.m. I was in good trim to enjoy the cool morning breeze as we paced up and down the deck. How delightful it is this beautiful morn to gaze upon the calm waters of the Gulf, a pleasant wind pushing us onward by means of the sails which have been unfurled since 8 a.m.

At ten-thirty in the morning, the ship bells strike out, warning all of the hour for worship. Episcopal Church Service is held in the Saloon by a couple of Ministers, who conduct the same according to the High Church

form. Books, musical instruments, &c., are placed at the disposal of the passengers. Towards dusk, a religious meeting is held in one of the intermediate dining rooms by a good old gentleman from Lindsay, Ontario, when a pleasant time is spent by those assembled. Others seem to enjoy themselves immensely, by stationing themselves on the opposite side of the partition and at intervals uttering humorous exclamations, or marking time in the passage, while liquors, not always mild, are passed around.

Monday, July 2nd (Dominion Day.)—To-day colors, are flying at sea as well as on land, thus celebrating our National Holiday with true loyalty, although distant many, many miles from the Capital. These flags, however, were soon lowered owing to a heavy rain falling. Although the weather is not very pleasant the number on deck do not diminish, for on this memorable day we have our sights in the Gulf. At intervals, seven large

WHALES

at various distances from us, are seen spouting and frequently rising above the surface. With these fine mammal frequently appearing we pass an excellent day, and in the evening find ourselves entering the Straits, the summer route. The evenings are mostly spent in small rooms where entertainments of different characters are conducted according to the taste of those within.

Tuesday, July 3rd.—This morning we find ourselves on the broad Atlantic. But, stop a bit! What is wrong? My head seems to be bandaged, and frequently on a lower strata than my lower extremities. As I open wide my eyes, however, and collect my thoughts, the two words

SEA SICKNESS

are buzzing in my ears. I manage to lower myself from my lofty position, and, gathering my wraps, I stagger on, towards the fresh air, not without doing a slight damage to my nasal organ before reaching the summit. Having crawled towards the railings, still retaining a terrible dizziness. "Oh! How dreadful such a taste as this!" "Shall never come again." Although our hampers are filled with various articles, suitable to those in the above dilemma, yet it seems too far distant to wander down below, and so we go without. This fortunately is past and gone in three hours, and as the afternoon advances, and a cold wind springs up, we all seem to be as well as ever. The ship still retains, and I suppose will for a few days, a peculiar swaying motion, from star to port, or from bow to stern, occasioned by the gradual roll of the billows beneath.

Wednesday, July 4th.—The temperature of the weather has been low at all times since leaving the Gulf, requiring us to make use of our winter

garments. We have made good time so far as the "log" indicates, on an average, two hundred and ninety-three miles. As we leave the New World our watches are apparently useless to us, the time becoming faster as we move along. The ship clocks are changed twenty-two minutes daily. Being now only two hundred and fifty miles from the southern point of Greenland, we are not in a latitude suitable to make us perspire. This is the northern route taken for the first time this year by Captain Smith. We have plenty of opportunity now, as we recline on deck, to note the immeasurable difference between the ripples on our noble Ottawa, and the ever-tossing waves in mid-ocean; how one of these powerful waves, followed by similar ones in quick succession gently move a vessel of four thousand tons burden!

Thursday, July 5th.—To-day the Circassian passengers have the pleasure of viewing one of the Atlantic's grandest yet, at times, most destructive and dangerous sights. In the distance may be observed a light object, on which the sun, just above the horizon, shines in perfect splendor. On our coming nearer we see before us an immense white mass, an

ICEBERG.

The first three we found were a long distance out of our course, but as the day advances we have the pleasure of being within half a mile of one of the largest, seen on this voyage. It resembled a huge building, composed of porcelain; smooth sides, numerous prominent steeples projecting from the summit, the highest points of two, much resembling the "double eagle" of United States. As our vessel's course in part rounded the "berg," we catch a glimpse of the rear, where a lower section of ice connects with the main piece, which partly hung over in such a way as to appear about commencing to revolve. In the distance we see other tremendous pieces of ice, one apparently with a level top, and—as we are afterwards told by the possessor of a strong pair of race glasses—having a fine stream of what would most likely be fresh water, gushing from the side. These icebergs, in general, are from three to five hundred feet in height one-third of which height is situated above the surface of the water. Our rate for yesterday was good, being three hundred and five miles. Occasionally a vessel for Quebec is sighted and sometimes signalled by us.

Friday, July 6th.—It is rather unpleasant for pleasure seekers to-day, drizzling rain, heavy fog, with cold wind following. The grand object of all on deck now is to gain a warm nook, where a quiet read, with snooze at the end of the chapter, may be obtained. Our appetites being in good condition these cool days, the diet procured on board, particularly soup, is very acceptable, if not "too thinly made," to use the remark of a fellow passenger. Fresh meat, hot rolls, butter, mashed potatoes, &c., &c., are brought on, and gratefully partaken of by all, as we imagine we feel

the misty climate, common to British soil, encircling us. At regular periods our meals are served by the stewards in attendance; breakfast at 8 a.m., dinner at 12:30 p.m., tea at 5 p.m., and supper at 8 p.m.

Last evening we were treated to a negroes' concert, by MacFagan's band, composed of members of the crew. This concert took the form of drill, song singing and dancing, combined with music supplied by a young steward who succeeded so well in gaining the applause of the hearers, as to be obliged to continue, when the majority returned below, ready to "trip the light fantastic."

Discussions of various kinds and assortments take place among the more reserved class of people, and thus several long evenings are pleasantly and profitably spent. Topics of a serious kind, as well as those commonly debated, are frequently well pulled to pieces.

I was particularly struck with the many representatives from different nations, not only aboard this steamer, but necessarily travelling on all transatlantic vessels. In our little cabin are fourteen individuals comprising, Yankees, Scotch, English, Irish, and Canadian representatives. Several of these are Ontario farmers, who left their homes in the British Isles twenty, forty, fifty, and fifty-five years previous, and now for the first time return to make a stay of a couple of months.

Saturday, July 7th.—Although we are over two hundred in number, yet no loss or robbery has been heard of until this morning, when an old gentleman finds himself minus his pocket-book and cheques. The poor old man is consoled by all in his mess room and cautioned to keep quiet. In the course of a few hours it is found, and we are again at ease. There is up to the present no sight of land, but many an aching eye is strained to catch a glimpse of the "bit of blue." But all in vain, no land to-day I feel sure will be our lot, so we may rest contented.

It is a usual custom on the first Friday evening of the ship's sailing to hold a concert in aid of the Sailors' Orphans' Home at Liverpool. Last night an excellent programme was set down to be gone through with in the Saloon, consisting of humorous recitations, songs, witty speeches, all tending to make the merriment greater, as the numbers on the papers were called off. The Captain was not behind hand. Among several pieces given by him was one which elicited long and loud applause. At the close, all who desired obtained a glass of wine and cake, but we who were Blue ribbonists, Templars or Prohibitionists, let the glass pass by.

Sunday, July 8th.—Service as usual is held in the Saloon, and passengers wend their way towards the aft, as the two bells strike out the hour for worship.

THE SALOON

situated in the Circassian, in the aft of the vessel, is elegantly furnished, handsome mirrors, hanging lamps, carpets, hot-house flowers, and silverware abound. At the rear, a semi-circular counter stands, supplied with liquors of all grades and 'ades which are dispensed to those desiring such; while, down the centre an opening is left, which admits light to the breakfast and other mess rooms below. A table in the form of a horse-shoe extends round this opening, while round the walls, lounges, excellently cushioned are fixed. Between these and the tables, armchairs, firmly screwed to the deck, are placed, and so constructed that they may be turned in different directions. On the edges and middle of the tables slats are put, to avoid the repetition of former accidents, when sudden storms come on, and thus keep the victuals to be consumed in a respectable position while on the table before us. All of the sittings are elegantly unpolstered which tends to muffle many an unlooked for bump or jolt.

Towards evening, all eyes are turned towards the bow, over which it is said, land must soon be seen, but it is not our good fortune to-night to see the "blue streak." The first land visible on nearing the Old World is called

TORY ISLE,

a rocky portion of country on which we are told stands one of the finest pieces of masonry in the world. Quite a sensation was caused this morning at seeing a school or shoal of porpoises heading in the same direction as ourselves. These lively fellows, we parted, the larger portion wheeling to the right, and in their eagerness to get beyond range of the vessel making the water surrounding us appear to be supplied with countless fountains, in full working order. We frequently obtained a glimpse of the entire body, as one here and there would bound out of the sea. Some of them, as near as I could ascertain measure three, four, and five feet, are thickly built, with broad fins on their backs which cause the waters to scatter in the form of spray.

Monday, July 9th.—"Land Ahead" is the cry this morning. Since dawn (three a.m.) the quick march of the early risers is heard below; in vain trying to keep their pedal extremities, as well as their ten fingers at a distance from zero's mark. As we near Tory Isle, the crew are hurrying to and fro with ropes, bars, pulleys, luggage, so that everything may be in readiness when needed, convenient places are sought out and the above then deposited. A number of passengers will leave the ship at Moville, a town in the northern part of

IRELAND,

sixty miles distant from the Isle we are now coasting. Moville is a port in Loch Foyle, where the passengers for Derry await the arrival of a

tender, which is sent out from the shore, as soon as the incoming vessel has been signalled.

The first of the mainland, seen by us, is a very mountainous district, apparently well cultivated, the sides and tops showing numerous potato patches, neatly hedged in. In skirting the north-western and northern shores in part, we pass many shady coves. On entering

LOCH FOYLE

two light-houses are the centre of attraction; one, rather isolated from the main-land; the other, farther inland, with a high cement wall encircling it. A few miles further down the loch is the port, at the north side of which an ancient looking tower stands. This is a fine representation of the "Ivy mantled tower," as described by Gray in one of our Public School Readers, and forms a pleasing picture for several artists or "daubers" on board, together with neighboring hills and mountains. The buildings in Moville are not altogether insignificant, several two, three, and four story houses being built at the water's edge. By the aid of glasses wholesale houses and hotels can be distinguished.

As the last section of Londonderry passengers are passed on to the tender, the Circassian retraces her course up Loch Foyle. On again reaching the Ocean, a bell is heard very distinctly, as if tolling for service, which many on board at first thought must be on the mountain tops in the distance. But as we near the spot whence the sounds are heard we observe a light-looking structure, known as the

BELL-BUOY.

This curious piece of mechanism is so constructed, that, as the waves wash against, or in any way move the buoy, a bell hung in the centre is caused to strike, and this warns voyagers of their dangerous course.

As we pass into the North Channel and Irish Sea, a Scotch mist settles down upon us, (all the beautiful and picturesque scenery is for the time lost to view) thus keeping the temperature of the atmosphere near the same quarter as has been usual during the voyage. About two in the afternoon we reach the Isle of Man, passing by the west and south sides. This island, a hilly and seemingly not very fertile country, contains several small towns. Now and then a habitation can be discerned on some slight eminence. Near the south-western coast, a fine lighthouse is built, the revolving light of which may be seen more than ten miles distant. Leaving the Isle of Man in the rear, we again lose sight of land for a considerable time, but at last, sight the north-eastern portion of Wales. Here we have the light ship in full view. When our vessel arrives at the light which marks the sand bar, we lay to for several hours, awaiting the

return of the tide, to enable us glide over this hindrance. If an ocean steamer is in very early, a tender is frequently used, to take into port such as may desire to land immediately. During the night time we shall move on once again and find ourselves at dawn to-morrow safely within the Quay at Liverpool.

Tuesday, July 10th.—At an early hour this morning our vessel is being roped to the posts in Alexandria Docks, owned and built by Allan Bros. As early as four a.m. passengers, comprising babies, old men, ladies, swains and maidens, are on the *qui-vive* to be off. Many pleasing acquaintances have been formed while on the ship, but as the thoughts of the happy times we expect to spend in merry, merry England come to our minds, the desire to depart overbalances any other wishes we may have entertained. We, however, are rather unwillingly detained several hours to undergo the scrutiny of one out of the swarm of Custom House or Excise officers, who attend the Immigration Sheds. These inquisitive individuals deem it advisable and proper to upset the well brushed beaver, tie, bonnet, suit, dress, as well as the more delicate garments, &c., &c., to their heart's content. This also has its end. On arriving in

ENGLAND.

there is every convenience; cabs, trucks, hansoms, trams (street cars), &c., being in the vicinity in almost incredible numbers. Porters also are here to aid the weak in carrying their luggage to the car or tram. The fare in Liverpool for cab-hire is very reasonable, being one shilling per mile; trams, one penny from station to station; carters, penny per package or two cents per box, &c., &c.

Many large hotels are adjacent to any of the Liverpool railway stations. We, being rather a quiet party, select one as much reserved as possible, with very moderate charges, and known as Bowle's Temperance Hotel, 18 and 19 Lord Nelson Street. This hotel is four and half miles from Alexandria Dock. To reach this place of rest, the driver passes up one set of streets, down another set, across many an alley, by-street and court, in between cabs, busses, carts by scores, until it seems to the inexperienced traveller that the jehu must have a dozen pair of eyes to be able to avoid these hindrances. Reaching Bowle's resort in due time, and having been somewhat refreshed by the use of a cup of good tea or perhaps by the good English cup, I take a stroll up Stanley Road, where I have the pleasure of meeting with James Davidson, Esq., agent for Robert Thackeray, Esq., at the Canadian Timber Depot. Having now a good guide, we set out "to do" the town in part. As the train for Peterboro' leaves in the afternoon, our visit to the principal points of interest must necessarily be brief. We first turn into No. 19 Stanley Road, a foundry for the making of bolts and nuts, not the soft species generally implied by

"nut". Half a dozen youngsters were handling long bars of iron in different ways, one heating at a furnace, another applying these rods separately to a machine which nipped them off in lengths of two, three or four inches; a third, picking these bits out with a long pair of pinchers, and quickly throwing them into small apertures made in a revolving wheel. This wheel, in revolving once, causes scores of nuts or bolts, as the case may be, to be finished off and dropped into a huge iron barrel which is soon filled and carted away. Leaving these lads, we turn on to one of the many busy streets and stroll along through other sections of the town. On one of these, two large buildings, each occupying one entire block, and owned by a Jew, named Lewis, are well worth a half day's journey to gain a view of the stores on the ground floors only, the upper ones being used for manufacturing purposes. Adjoining these is another large structure, occupying a block, with the world-renowned name aloft of "Russell," the celebrated watchmaker. We now turn towards the Mersey River that we may have a view of what is said to be one of the finest pieces of workmanship in England,

THE LANDING STAGE.

This gigantic structure, built entirely on the water and connected with the mainland by numerous bridges, consists of one immense row of oblong, metallic boxes, filled with gas. Stations and sheds are placed at intervals, the distance between those farthest off being a mile and a quarter from No. 1 bridge. The grandeur of this stage consists in this, viz: that according as the tide ebbs and flows, this tremendous weight rises and falls to a distance of not less than twenty feet. At half-past three, the landing and bridges are on a level with the lower street. Four hours afterwards the whole structure is over sixteen feet below. Returning to city centre we pass through various streets, almost unceasingly to be nudged or beckoned by agents, boot blacks, fish women, flower girls, peanut boys, cheap jacks, and such like, until one is very glad to hail a cab or tram so as to avoid the requests and beseeching looks of these ever-polite individuals. Although so many times interrupted on our way, I must give them their due by saying that we had not occasion to once resent an insulting or impolite remark, during our short stay at this seaport town of Liverpool. We now pass through some of the Railway Stations—Great Northern, Midland, Great Eastern, North Western, and Manchester Lines. All of these are buildings of very large dimensions, the carriage ways in all covered or roofed with glass. Every convenience is supplied, such as refreshments, books, papers, resting rooms, messengers, safes for goods, and all easily found by the stranger.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY HALL

is next visited by us. This magnificent building was presented to the Corporation of Liverpool by the chief brewer of the city. It is divided into suits of rooms, neatly, yet richly ornamented and frescoed. On either

side as we enter, we notice that the various halls are well supplied with beautiful figures of members, poets, and patriots. Taking a hurried glance on either wall as we pass through the Art Gallery, scenes and sights, centuries old, painted by world renowned artists, are observed. Owing to the Judges being at work this morning in various departments, where flowers are being exhibited, and other parts undergoing repair, we are unable to continue our stroll in this direction and retire. On the esplanade surrounding the halls, enormous monuments and statues rise, on one of which, that of Queen Victoria, a foolish listener at the time of Parnell's speech, sat himself on the figure's head, amid the cheers of a mob. But when he condescended to lower his attitude somewhat, he was taken prisoner and given three months' hard labor. As the train for Peterboro' *via* G. N. R. leaves at three forty-five, the other principal sights will have to be overlooked for the present at least.

Before leaving Liverpool I must make mention of the trams or street cars. The English trams are larger than ours, of a lighter build, and are run with less delay than that which we have so frequently on the American side of the Atlantic. Accommodation is not only afforded for inside but also for outside passengers who pass up a circular stairway on to the roof, where long cushioned seats are firmly fixed. In this way some sixty passengers may easily be carried. The busses resemble those used by the Street Car Company in the spring and fall, when the roads are almost impassable. On our way to the railway station we pass through the

COTTON EXCHANGE,

a massive stone edifice, extending the length of two large blocks, with two separate wings adjoining. Between these two wings are heavy stoned arches, under which we pass into the court yard, where at any time between 10 and 2, thousands of gentlemen supplied with beavers, may be seen crowding together, talking and gesticulating in an excited manner. As we approach we see boys, running from one group to another, with bundles of cotton, being samples of the stuff on which these thousands will speculate with one or other result, either to acquire wealth, or meet with abject poverty.

The ceremonies at the railway station are conducted on entirely different plans to ours. An iron grating separates the public platform from the carriages, that is the railway carriages. At various openings in this barrier guards stand, to whom the passes must be shewn and clicked. Before entering the carriage these tickets are again demanded and again we pocket them, and finally take our seats. We have not had much to do with our luggage and traps, a porter having taken them from the "cabby," and deposited them after labelling them, in the luggage van. These porters always expect either twopence or threepence for whatever they do, but

they dare not ask for the coppers, as they get a small salary from the company or employers. An

ENGLISH TRUCK OR CAR

is divided into four compartments, as a rule, sometimes less one or perhaps two, with doors at the sides for entrance and exit. There are at least six doors in every passenger train, or I should say carriage. The compartments are furnished according to first, second, or third class style, with two seats, each capable of seating five persons. In one or two particulars, already I have noticed, our railway carriages in Canada are behind those of the Isles beyond the Ocean. Taking for instance, the furnishings of third class carriages, the English trains have cushioned seats and backs, where as, in the Canadian trains, a third class passenger is required to shift as best he may on slat seats, many a time for hours on a journey, unless he obliges the company, by paying the conductor "a number of bobs," when admission to a first class compartment may be obtained. We journey on through Warrington, Godly Junction, Sheffield, Grantham, stopping at these places with the exception of the junction, on an average, three minutes. On this route, we pass through eight or nine tunnels of considerable length, principally through the mining district, several being cut through high sandy mountains and hills. We pass swiftly the neatly arranged fields, with the well kept hedges surrounding them. These hedges appear to consist of heather or cedar, closely clipped, forming a strong yet pretty protection for the grain within. As we near Sheffield, multitudes of chimneys towering in the air, are seen pouring forth jet-colored clouds of smoke, enveloping the entire city, and thus spoiling a view of one of the finest sights to be seen from our carriage. At many of these stopping places there are double stations, that is stations for different lines of railway. One train may steam into the station on a level with the ground floor, while one from another line, at the same time, may steam into the station on the upper floor. As darkness sets in, we see before us the welcome lights of Peterboro, and lightly jump down from our compartment, to join our friends assembled to bid us welcome to old England. Soon the welcome visitor, Morpheus, takes possession of us entirely, and all for the present is forgotten as we are gently lulled by him.

Wednesday, Ju'y 11th.—The principal features of Peterboro' are two fold; first, the celebrated Peterboro' Cathedral; and second, the vast amount of property on which the Great Northern workshops are built, and where employment is given to hundreds of laborers.

THE CATHEDRAL,

an immense Anglican edifice, far exceeds the Ottawa French Cathedral in size. There are five large wings, used by the worshippers as chapel, chorister room, vestry, monument vault. The nave takes in one of the wings

and extends the entire length of the church, in which are immense marble and granite pillars, supporting gigantic blocks of stone. The distance between the pinnacle of the nave and the ground floor is very great. Several turrets and spires, with the main tower rise from the summit of the Cathedral. The tower, having been recently examined and found to be giving way at numerous points is now being razed. This considerably interferes with the general visitation, as a large portion of the building is of necessity closed to the public. The large bronze and brass ornaments, with those of stone and alabaster, are now laid in the various chapels. As we stand in one of the lobbies in the forepart of the nave, we have an excellent opportunity of noting the great length of the passages, which are paved with stone, cemented together with asphalt. Several thousand chairs are systematically arranged before numerous reading desks in the nave, but, when the cathedral is not undergoing renovation, no sittings are placed at anytime in this part of the church. The grounds, occupying a central portion of the city, cover many acres. Many buildings also in the vicinity are used in connection with episcopal church work. This fine edifice is said to be in direct communication with caves, buildings, &c., three miles distant. In former times, the monks in the cathedral were able by means of subterranean passages, to keep up a correspondence with those dwelling or calling at these habitations. Near one of the front entrances, several bell ropes, encased in a small cupboard, are suspended. As these ropes are pulled alternately for several minutes at every quarter, we hear what is called "The Quarter Jacks." Three times a day, nine, one, and five, these ropes are pulled for the space of five minutes, in such a peculiar way, as to cause the bells in the tower to strike out a number of bars of tunes commonly sung, and sometimes several verses. In the middle of the nave a large organ stands, and adjacent to this, a chorister's room *pro tem* is formed. In this room are hung, in long rows, a supply of surplices, worn by men and boys, to the number of sixty. These persons meet daily for practice, services being held by the Dean or Bishop, every afternoon at half-past five. Any of the turrets may be entered by the visitor, when he has a vergers for a guide through the upper stories leading to them; and if the stranger be generous in placing coppers in the old gentleman's hand, many a noted passage or balcony will be pointed out. As we pass between the various buildings, encroaching on the wards of the church, plates bearing the following inscriptions are noticed:—Cathedral, Art and Grammar Schools, Union, Surgery and Nursery, all in good outward condition. As we stroll leisurely along, a Canadian cannot help noticing the great difference between English and Canadian foot-paths or road-ways. Regularly as the chimes ring out, the sweeps may be seen hurrying on towards the different portions allotted to them. The streets are so firmly and so smoothly coated with cement, that for a couple of hours after the sweeps have finished their work, a foot passenger may as conveniently take the middle of the road-way as the side-path. Alas! for such a one, should he venture to do so in Ottawa, an hour or two after a fall of rain.

Saturday, July 14th.—An excursion train runs from Peterboro' to Hunstanton this afternoon. The latter is a sea-side town, on the east coast of England, fifty-four miles from Northamptonshire. For being carried this distance, and again carried back, our fare is eighteen pence, or thirty-six cents; that is 6 miles for 1 cent. Leaving at one-twenty-five, we arrive in

HUNSTANTON

at three twenty-five. We observe that ours is not to be the only excursion train arriving here this afternoon, there being a few in already, and one or two signalled behind us. After rounding the town, we move on towards the sands it being nearly four o'clock; we find the tide is gradually approaching the spot where we stand. We therefore keep within easy distance of the shore. Bathing machines are rapidly wheeled out into the sea, for the convenience of those desirous of a good dip in the salt water, at the rate of six-pence per head. As we stand on the beach and look towards the town, many fine buildings are observed. These are distinguished from one another by the use of such names as Rosewood cot, Thistle cot, Pine cot, &c. One large structure, somewhat isolated and commanding a grand view of the ocean is greatly admired by tourists. This is known to be an excellent House for Invalids from all parts of the Kingdom. As the sea is continually washing the sand more or less away from the rocks on the coast, a huge piece of masonry is constructed in front of the main portion of the town, forming an excellent break-water. From a central point in this wall, a pier extends far out into the ocean. This pier is lightly but strongly built, and is used by us, excursionists, in order that we may obtain a good sea breeze, and at the same time be within hearing distance of the City Band. At a point near the pier a "Camera Obscura" is stationed. On entering this building of rather small dimensions we are shut up in total darkness. After a few moments we observe in the vertex a small aperture, in which lenses of various degrees of power are placed. In the centre of the "obscura" is a round table, covered with a white substance resembling powdered marble. As the "lenses" above us are moved by means of cords, different views of the coast, town, pier, without, appear on the table. Each view shows to those within, the figures of the individuals without, so accurately, that many of the faces are recognized and the doings of these persons easily traced along the table. For entrance to the esplanade, pier, "Camera Obscura" the small fare of one penny is asked and gratefully received. Leaving these places of amusement, we make our way to a dining room where tables are arranged for each party, the charge being for a meat tea nine-pence or eighteen cents and for dinner, one shilling. Returning to Peterboro' at the rapid rate of fifty-four miles in seventy minutes, we arrive at ten fifteen in the evening.

Sunday, July 15th.—Of all the people in the world there is not one other so favored with regard to religious services as the people of England.

The Sunday, from morn till eve, may be spent in solemn devotion by all. A list of these services may not be out of place, as the order of service in Peterboro in general resembles those throughout the greater part of the British Empire. At seven thirty a.m. a prayer meeting is held; then at ten a.m. morning Sunday school; eleven a.m. morning service; afterwards at two thirty p.m. afternoon Sunday school and service; again at six thirty p.m., evening service; and finally at eight-ten, open air service, weather permitting. Thus the whole day is lotted out for services of various kinds. A stranger is at first puzzled, when he observes the marked estrangement between the established and dissenting bodies. This difference is even noticeable in the names applied to the meeting places, those of the Episcopalians being termed "Churches," while the Dissenters term theirs "Chapels." The public burying places or cemeteries, too, have their separate chapels and churches, while a narrow footpath alone divides the two burying grounds.

What a grand surprise we meet with on attending any of the services at seeing the almost incredible number in attendance, not only of adults but of members of more tender years! Noting one instance, on July fifteenth, out of a morning Sunday School in the Baptist Chapel, numbering over five hundred scholars, no less than four hundred were present. They, as a rule, occupy the front seats in the galleries, and are overlooked by at least four delegates from "The Teachers' Class." It is not the

FASHION

here, for the choir to take the music and song all to itself, but instead of that being the case, the whole congregation join heartily in every hymn-tune.

Monday, July 16th.—To-day I intend taking a trip as far as Holbeach, a quiet town near the Wash, the homestead of several west-end residents of Ottawa. This little town is not without its factories and breweries. Chief among the former being a Pickle Manufactory, owned and worked by Farrow & Co., who turn out weekly many barrels, and send cargoes off to Canada and the United States. Even here the roadways are regularly swept, a set of men being constantly employed by the town corporation for that purpose. This line is the first single line of rail travelled on by me since our arrival in England; previous to this, a separate line being laid for the up trains, and another for the downs. On my return at eight p. m., about a half an hour after the town has been enveloped in darkness, my attention is drawn to the beautiful picture formed by the myriads of railway lights of various colors—red, white and green, extending along the route for a distance of a mile and a half.

Thursday, July 19th.—By the courtesy of one of the railway officials,

I am allowed to make a tour through the

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY STORES.

These buildings contain all the necessary requisites for use along the line, which are dealt out in authorized quantities, as ordered by the station-masters. One set of men—fifteen in number—is engaged all day long packing, in bundles, such articles as pens, paper, pencils (black, blue and green) inks, bottles, envelopes, &c., &c., which are kept in large bins. One pile of envelopes alone measures fifteen feet high, five feet broad, and six feet long. The next set of buildings contain the carpenters, upholsterers, painters, glaziers, menders, &c. Opposite to these, in buildings of larger size, men and boys are engaged in caulking the railway sheets as they are brought in, after being sewn by the railway women. These sheets are laid on the different floors, and workmen supplied with long handled brushes daubed in a mixture of tar, grease, and oil, pass over them, daubing them from edge to edge. They are then waterproof, and serve to protect the passengers' luggage from the weather. Other individuals are squatted on the floor, patching old sheets that had been formerly in use. Oils, oil-cans, wicks, lamps, signals, &c. are piled in large numbers in the rear building. In order to secure the yard from intrusion, high walls are built around the grounds, making it impossible for any to leave or enter without passing one of the turn-stiles where they must state their business. As the six o'clock bells ring out every morning, all gates belonging to the stores are shut, and the delinquents behind time find themselves shut out, instead of shut in. All workmen are supplied with brass cheques, which they, on passing the stile, drop into a box. As the gates close these cheques are taken in by an officer, and the box again placed at the gates. The lates are now allowed to enter, but the columns opposite their registered names are left blank. At the end of the week a fine, of twopence is docked for every late recorded. As we leave Peterboro, we cannot help noticing the use made of the donkeys in all parts of the town, to such an extent as to almost do away with the horses for all work except that on the line of the Great Northern Railway.

Taking tickets *via*. G. N. R. for London, we are at three o'clock speeding along rapidly towards the Great Metropolis. Passing corn fields, chimney stacks, small rivers, high hills, through tunnels to the number of seven, we reach Finsbury Park, near Alexandra Palace, about four o'clock. At this station we change carriages, going now by the North London Line to Dalston Junction, where another change is made for trains passing through

VICTORIA PARK

or Bow. On our arrival, we are very pleasantly reminded that our tickets are good for Victoria Station instead of Victoria

Park, and that we must therefore oblige the conductor, or guard, with an extra nine pence ; certainly not a large sum, but this tends to show us how easily a slight mistake might have been made which would have resulted in no slight expense. Although we have made several changes on our route there is no delay of thirty, thirty-five or forty minutes at the Junctions, frequently not more than the same number of seconds. And now, in a few minutes we arrive at

WANSBECK ROAD,

our head-quarters while in London.

Saturday, July 21st.—In London, the many firms are closed on all Saturdays from one p. m., thus giving the hands the benefit of a half day's holiday, which is taken advantage of, by many inhabitants of the city and suburbs. We, not to be in the back ground, also set apart the remainder of the day for recreation. Receiving return passes at Victoria Park Station to Broad Street, the great railway centre, a charge of five-pence or ten cents is made. On this, the North London Line, we travel on one of the many elevated tracks which cross and recross one another in the different parishes. The height of these lines above roadways is partly owing to the unlevel state of Eastern London, and partly to the crowded condition of the land over which the trains pass. On this five mile trip we stop six times, losing about the same number of minutes, and allowing on an average one hundred and twenty-five persons to change sittings at each station. Arriving at Broad Street, the terminus of our twenty minutes run, we give up our passes at the iron bars or gates, and descending a long stairway are soon out on the busy street. On the platforms we have just left, and also on similarly constructed platforms in the station below, trains from various lines drop their passengers.

Crossing Broad Street or Liverpool Street, crowded with vehicles of every imaginable shape and size, which are repeatedly on the point of lowering passing pedestrians who narrowly escape injury, we descend the stairway of Bishopsgate Station to the underground train for

WESTMINSTER PALACE,

or Parliament Buildings. In these underground divisions, a strong sulphurous smell always prevails. This does not afford much pleasure to the pleasure-seeker, but in no way hinders immense numbers from making use of the line. Trains pass through all stations on this route every two and a half minutes, stopping a moment to let down passengers, and then off as fast as ever. Being warned before hand, we prepare ourselves for a rather unpleasant but quick ride. By some mishap we find that our route to the Palace has been considerably lengthened, and after an hour's ride in a compartment lighted by paraphine, we have not reached our destination,

whereas we should have been at the Palace in eight minutes' time after being seated. However, this also has its end, and in one hour and twenty-five minutes we are within the precincts of Westminster ten times longer than there was any need for. During this ride in the afternoon, we pass more than sixteen railway stations underground, many lighted by the use of glazed brick work, built in such a form as to reflect the light from above. Coming up the long stairway at Westminster Bridge, we meet many other innocents like ourselves hurrying down, as we pass on to one of the widest streets in London. Before us stands the Palace, to the right the Abbey. Walking along a wide pavement in front and rear of the Palace yard, we are soon on the site of the recent dynamite explosion. Opposite the yard, stores of great extent have their eager throng passing in and out with packages, boxes, &c., of all sizes while directly in front of these are innumerable "cabbeys" hailing the passersby.

No better view can be had of the Palace than from one of the Thames vessels, the principal side of the buildings facing the water. The towers are all of an immense height, especially the main and clock towers, with Victoria tower. The latter is the finest tower in the world, being seventy five feet square and four hundred feet high, with the flagstaff included. In the clock tower, the chief feature is not so much in its height, as in its having so many ancient stories connected with this and former clocks. The one now in use cannot be of small dimensions when its dial measures over twenty-three feet, and the hour and quarter bells, also forming a part of the elaborate construction, weigh respectively fourteen and nine tons. These bells at different periods have been changed, owing to the cracks noticed in them, occasionally caused by the heavy strike of the hammers. The distance from the Victoria tower to the clock tower, the main tower being in the centre, is said to be over nine hundred feet. Entering by the Norman Porch, so called from the statues which it contains, representing royalty of that period, we are ushered into the Queen's Robing Room. On three of the walls of this room are paintings of gigantic size, representing respectively, "Hospitality," "Mercy," and "Religion," while in all other available places are carvings, taking in the whole history of King Arthur. On a raised dais at one end of this room is the Queen's chair, above which inlaid between the several frescos and carvings is her monogram. These descriptive scenes of Arthur project considerably from the wall, and thus the designs have more of an animated appearance than they otherwise would. We now pass into the Royal Gallery, a spacious apartment furnished with two large paintings admired by all foreigners as works of great skill, and by all British subjects as representations of "Fields of Glory;" one, Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo; and the other, Death of Nelson. The figures and features of many of the private members in the battalions may easily be discerned. The size of these pictures may partly be brought to our imagination when we know that all the figures in the representations are one-third greater than life size. As we

move along to the Princes' Chamber, notice is taken of the artistic design of the floorings interlaid with characters of an antique nature. Before us stand three very cleverly yet plainly executed marble statues, representing the Queen, with Justice and Mercy on either side. On the walls opposite are paintings and figures of Sovereigns of England, with bronze carvings of some of the chief historical events, such as "John Signing the Magna Charta," "Field of the Cloth of Gold," "Elizabeth Knighting Drake," "Lady Jane Grey in Prison," "Visit of Charles the V. to Henry VIII.," &c.

Having fifty minutes to spare, we must make hurried inspection of the rest of the rooms, all visitors being ordered to pass out at four p.m. Entering now a grand old room, where old English warriors, whose names have resounded in many a clime, have stood and exposed many a stratagem which, if carried out, would bring glory to England and fame to those engaged, we place ourselves on the right of the Throne. The Throne, and the Prince's Chair are a marvel of wonder, one blaze of gold and colors, munificently inlaid and richly covered. In the centre, the wooolsacks and clerks' desks stand, while, from end to end, of the House, are the elegantly covered lounges occupied by the Peers. A large number of bronze effigies occupy portions in the upper part of the walls, and between the stained glass windows, fresco paintings of all the British Sovereigns, many of course imaginary representations of them. Two large brass structures, twelve feet high, capable of holding many wax tapers, are placed on each side of the Throne. We now pass through a suit of compartments, Peers' Lobby, Robing Room, Corridor and Central Room; thence into the House of Commons. The latter is not on a level with the House of Lords in elegance, taste, antiquity of style, &c., but nevertheless contains extraordinary works of art. One very interesting object attracts our attention, viz.: the mace at the side of a little centre table. This is the same one that was taken up so excitedly by Cromwell as he dismissed the House. Throughout the whole Palace at suitable points, monuments, statues, and figures are set up to the number of six hundred, the larger figures being in the corridors and St. Stephen's Crypt. In the latter Hall, divine worship was formerly and is to some extent now held. On a lower grade to the left, from the Crypt, is an excellent little room, The Palace Chapel, where the numerous families resident in the Palace may attend worship. There are no less than thirteen quadrangles or courts left, so that the Palace may be well lighted. The Palace covers a space of ground of more than eight acres and contains over five hundred distinct rooms. We now take our leave of a building where the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock cuttings far exceed in numbers those of any other part of the Kingdom. Taking another route home than that by which we came, we soon arrive at Victoria Park, having come *via* Mansion House and North London. After reclining for a short period we again don our Christy's and proceed on Journey No. 2, our destination being

Here pottery from Turkey, France, Egypt, India, China, with other curiosities from the same countries, are placed in groups with inscriptions beneath. These are interspersed with marble and other figures. Silver, bronze, cloth, silk, and cotton specimens take the next place, while the galleries to the right and left contain specimens of birds, small animals, tusks and heads of larger ones. But, of the numerous curiosities such as stones, shells, fish, eels, insects, &c., the portion particularly interesting to a "blue ribbonist" still remains to be seen. This part of the Museum contains samples of the liquors of the world and their adulterations. The liquors are arranged in order of strength and in their original state before being tampered with by the liquor seller. Placed adjoining these, are rows of bottles used for adulterating these liquids, and below these two sets, liquids of the same kind already adulterated. Some of the ingredients being copperas, acids, vitriol, arsenic, red lead, &c., it will be seen that liquids and solids of the most vile and poisonous character are used to form those noxious, twopenny drinks. A visit to an institution similar to this department by one addicted to 'sip,' would, I think, be worth a score of those lectures we so often hear, and which to a public mind appear to have so little return.

But on turning our backs on this collection, we see before us, "Food and its adulteration." And here placed in small quantities are tea, coffee, sugar, cocoa, &c., and below, adulterations of the same. Some of the samples of adulteration are not quite so distasteful as the above, but others, as we continue to read the labels, we find are just as injurious to the body as the adulterations used in the liquors, although perhaps not applied to the same extent. Commodities such as rice, barley, oats, wheat and bran are also used for the purposes of adulteration and with the previous mentioned drugs tend either to color, flavor, or weight the articles we so highly prize. We leave these departments, with minds entirely in a muddle to think over what we have been shown, but will finally decide that the second case is bad enough but the first is infinitely worse. On one of the upper galleries is one of the largest collections of fine arts in the Museum. These paintings presented by Earl of Bute are representations from Scriptures and of scenes in the Netherlands. A sample of the former, well known to readers of *Montreal Witness*, is entitled "Christ leaving the Praetorium," and looked upon as one of the grandest of the Bute collection. On the second gallery among the animal specimens, several huge turtle shells attract great attention. These shells measure thirty five to forty inches by twenty two to twenty eight, the size differing somewhat from the size of those frequently caught in St. Louis Bay.

Sunday, July 22nd.—As we were not aware what time the Museum closed last night, we were rather hurriedly asked to leave off our scrutiny of the various objects until we paid another visit, as the orders were to close directly. We therefore made our departure before we could gain

even a glimpse through all the different rooms.

Although this is the Sabbath Day, it is by no means, a quiet day in London, being used by thousands of people, I am sorry to say, simply as a day for sport and enjoyment. The Public Houses are for the greater part of the day open, when men, women, and youths may enter and get what they wish. More especially in the afternoon is this noticeable to the stranger. These places, bye the bye, are not the dark, dismal looking rooms that I expected to see; but instead of them being so, they are tastefully decorated, well lighted—eight, nine, and ten gas or naphtha lights on the edge of the pavement—handsomely painted, elegantly furnished, supplied with obliging waitresses and waiters; in short, having everything in their possession that will tempt the innocent. The space in front of a Bar is partitioned off into three, four, or five divisions, containing lounges or chairs in which the tipplers (one of whom may be taking his “firsts”) with closed doors, may recline and help themselves well secluded from the inquisitive gaze without. At a pleasant part of the day (ten thirty a.m.) we saunter along through the Park towards

ARCHIBALD BROWN'S BAPTIST TABERNACLE,

the Pastor of which church is well known in the London Circle. This fine brick building will comfortably seat four thousand five hundred people, half of whom may be placed in the gallery, which extends round the church in line with the minister's platform and reading desk. Below this, the precentor stands among a fine group of orphan boys, and leads the singing of these hundreds here assembled. The attendance of children and young people far surpasses even the congregations of Peterboro, and leaves those of Ottawa and vicinity in the background, if we compare the numbers of young people only, attending services in England, with whole congregations assembled at Carleton Church Services.

It was stated that, at a morning service in this suburban Tabernacle, (for suburban it is, being four miles from the City proper) a Sunday ago, there were three thousand two hundred and fifty persons in attendance. To provide against overcrowding, admittance to the Sunday services must be gained by ticket up to five minutes within the time of commencement.

In the Parishes or Divisions of Bow, Old Ford, Upton, Homerton and Hackney, Mission Halls are stationed, provided with services on plans similar to those used by Y. M. C. Association or Helping Hand's Society. Among the Ottawa suburbs how many green fields can be seen! But what a change there is in viewing one of the London suburbs! Every possible plot of ground built upon! Indeed the contractors intend to meet the enormous demand for house room, by building “in the air” now that there is no more accommodation on the earth. These “model dwellings” instead of having three stories only, are supplied with twelve floors, suitable for

twelve different families, with every convenience on each floor; the healthiest rooms being at the summit far above the stare of the "rude street walkers." For means of transportation to earth, and earth to air, strong and easily managed elevators are constructed.

Monday, July 23rd.—To-day, the part of London selected is the

"ZOO,"

which will occupy our time for the rest of the day. Taking 'returns' to Broad Street and Metropolitan Line (fare seven-pence half-penny) we are soon within sight of Regent Park Gates. Skirting the Park grounds are numerous elegant buildings, the city residences of nobles. As we enter the gateway we have before us innumerable gravel walks, all seemingly to emerge from some central point, a good distance beyond. Surrounding us on all sides, as we slowly wend our way into the interior, are forest trees; beds of all shapes and sizes in which rich and beautiful flowers are planted; with minute paths here and there linking together the wider gravel walks. At intervals, seats, rustic as well as plain, are placed adjoining the many walks. Numerous roadways have been cut at various points through the Park for the convenience of Londoners. After passing a number of fine looking English-men, with stylish uniforms, bright colored hat-bands—these men are termed Park-keepers,—we reach the gates of the

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

in about half an hour. On Monday, the admission is six-pence or twelve cents; on all other days, (excepting Wednesday, when it is half-a-crown,) the fare is one shilling; so handing our sixpences over the barrier, we are allowed to enter and are ready to inspect. As we are aware of the vastness of the grounds, we deem it advisable to view the larger dens and cages, and leave the remaining sheds for those blessed with more spare time than we. The awkward movements and odd appearances of some of the creatures here enclosed are very amusing. Large buildings containing casements and dens, are constructed in such an excellent manner as not to interfere with the natural movements of the beasts or birds. The first fine building we look through is the Lion house. This strongly built building is at one side divided into large compartments, fronted with thick iron rods, through which heavy grating the animals are distinctly seen. These departments are again divided into exercise and sleeping rooms, accommodating from one to four of these fierce creatures. Several species of the lion, as tiger, jaguar, puma, have been received into this building. At four o'clock the house is packed with individuals desirous of seeing the animals feeding. The hideous roaring and quick tramp of the lions may easily be imagined as the feeders pass up and down with large portions of beef on meat trucks. The more nimble specimens carry theirs into the niches or

prongs of poles placed in their dens, and there devour large pieces of raw meat with apparent relish. Passing through the antelope, fowl and swine houses, we are in the vicinity of a large sea pond; in this several sea lions are amusing themselves in an awkward fashion, now and then causing an exclamation to arise from some unfortunate onlooker, at either finding himself well wetted, or an outer garment caught in the claws of one of these. The sea lion is distinguished from the common seal, by its having quaint ear projections not found on any of the latter species. The former specimens have only recently been brought from the neighborhood of the Falkland Islands; a large amount of time as well as money being spent, before one alone could be landed in England. One of the chief points of attraction is the Monkey house. A great deal of amusement for the spectators is created by these "ould fashioned" fellows, as they skip and jump from one to another; run up the wire sidings to catch some projecting morsel of food placed there by the tender hearted or generous excursionist. Descending now to the Bears' den, we have before us specimens from all parts of the world—from Europe, Asia, Africa and America—walking at a slow rate up and down their dens. Two of those animals are well worth a half an hour's scrutiny, one being a native of Syria, and the other from the Polar regions. These huge brutes seem very grateful to the children who throw pears, apples or cakes to them, but when a giddy visitor, with a small article, tantalizes them by offering; but not giving, the roars of these creatures are deafening. If these individuals only knew what a vast amount of labor is required in securing one of these, as well as great skill in protecting them from harm, I do not think they would tend to provoke and more or less injure these large and ponderous animals. It is said that in order to properly secure one of these monsters, he must be placed in a huge cask, especially built for that purpose. What carefulness and bravery must then be manifested by the adventurers who risk their lives in order to enclose and transport them to these gardens! As we lean against the railing, Mrs. Jumbo—Alice—with her friends, pass and re-pass, having on top many merry English lasses. At a short distance from these dens, four giraffes are gently raising and lowering their heads over the high railings to the men and women beneath. The monstrous Hippopotami and Rhinoceroses, with the Ostriches, Deer and Reptiles, are next viewed. And these together form one of the grandest object lessons in the world for one and all. There are still many houses we might inspect—the number of houses reaching beyond sixty—and by these sixty houses we mean sixty varieties of animals and birds which inhabit the globe. As the time, however, for closing is approaching, we must depart once again for the Park at Bow.

Tuesday, July 24th.—To-day we head for Islington, the original habitation of John Gilpin, a hero so well known to the Ottawa and suburban children. Passing down one of the finest and wealthiest streets (High Street), we enter Islington Green, to examine and admire the fine

collection of plants and flowers, and excellent work done by the laborers employed. Across the Green stands the

AGRICULTURAL HALL,

an edifice which will allow standing room for fifty thousand people. A few weeks ago, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon spoke to a seated congregation of twenty-two thousand. At the present time, hundreds of hands are engaged in removing the many machines which for the past week have been placed here for inspection. Some of these machines are new inventions; others improvements on the old; among the latter, there being varieties of trams (street cars) engines, mills, farm instruments, all in thorough working order. A large gallery extends around three sides of the building, enabling the spectators to have a fine view of the machines in motion. Emerging from this Hall, and passing along several side streets and crossings, continually dodging in and out between the multitude of vehicles, we at length gain a narrow street, in which stands

ST. JOHN'S GATE,

a strong piece of masonry, originally, one of the boundaries of Old London. Here and there the old port holes may still be seen admitting light to the Guard Room, formerly occupied by soldiers, placed there as a "look out" for the nobility entering the city. When word was sent to Headquarters that the nobility were in sight, the heavy gates were closed, and as the Sovereign neared the iron doors, several heavy knocks would be heard, these being the signal for the opening of gates and admittance of royalty. Out of the many Old London gates, this is the only one now standing, as they were found to be a great hindrance to traffic; but the sections adjoining the places where the gates formerly stood, still retain the old names as Bishops-gate, Ludgate, Highgate, &c., and have instead of gates, monuments placed on the original sites. We glide along to Middleton Street, containing the statue of the famous man, named

MIDDLETON,

the originator of the present system of London Waterworks. Adjoining this street tremendous viaducts, reservoirs, and engines are placed, which serve to provide water for the whole of the vast population. Here, I am informed we stand on a huge archway, enclosing a bed of the River Thames. Nearing the open river innumerable ferries, crowded with pleasure-seekers and business men, are seen plying up and down, at very rapid rates. During the past few years the Thames water has been encroached upon little by little, till the appearance of the stream is now altogether altered in regard to width. One or two of the gloomy sights of London now loom up before us, in the massive walls extending round

NEWGATE AND MILBANK PRISONS.

No apertures for light are visible at any point to the out-door spectators, places where it would seem natural for light to be admitted being bricked or stoned. At one of the gigantic metal gates a guard of police are on duty. Before them a truck, much resembling a ponderous safe, drawn by four horses, stands awaiting entrance to the prison. Through small apertures in the truck, a number of chained prisoners, with iron bars intervening, can be discovered, each one having a guard to watch his movements. As the

SMITHFIELD MEAT MARKET

hours are from three a. m. to two p. m., no admission to the interior of these buildings can be gained. From the point where we stand, as far as the eye can reach, lies one connected mass of buildings in which thousands of cattle from different parts of the kingdom are daily bought and sold. These buildings have excellent communications with any portion of the country, by means of the Underground Railway, which has several lines of rail running directly under the market. This wholesale buying and selling is carried on principally between four and six a. m., when hundreds of vehicles line the roadways for rods, in the vicinity of the brick buildings.

The next object of interest we take special note of is

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

Passing through one of the lodge gates, we enter a court yard of very large dimensions, entirely surrounded by wards for invalids. In this court yard are amusements of various kinds, suitable for both students and such invalids as are allowed in the enclosure. Many hundreds of neatly folded blinds are visible at the multitude of windows facing the court. When a physician is needed, it is always necessary for the individual to be registered in the Hospital. As we leave the court, we see a large number of females reclining on the main staircase, some maimed, others diseased, others again with sick children in their arms; all with anxious looks await the arrival of the incoming physician, in the hope of receiving medicine for either themselves or their sick, lying in some back alley. We now near one of the grandest pieces of workmanship in the kingdom,

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

This massive building has been lately opened by royalty, as the great business centre of the noted lawyers for the Crown and otherwise. It is of great extent, not altogether unlike the Western Block of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, in the interior. As we wander through the many

halls, and still find that our distance from the central court remains unaltered, we are at a loss as to the way in which to make our exit, but at this juncture, a light breeze wafts a savory smell in our direction, and using this as a guide, retrace our steps towards the cook and his household, and by this means soon regain the open air. After "doing" Islington, Clerkenwell, River Front, Cheapside &c., we turn our steps again toward Westminster Palace or Parliament Buildings, where we desire to take a seat in one of the galleries in the

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

We arrive in due time and await our turn in one of the lobbies for entrance to the upper gallery. After doing so for several hours, we find that all our patience was required of us for naught, being finally told by an exceedingly polite official that our turn would not be this p.m. Having amused ourselves for the past three hours in viewing the tapestry and ornaments of the porch, we feel it our duty to utter a few exclamations, and retire just as our pedal extremities seem on the point of collapsing altogether. Six persons only are taken in charge at one time by an official. These are stationed at every unlocked door of the Palace, making it absolutely impossible for an individual to enter without stating his or her business. Entrance is retarded unless a signed certificate can be shewn by the stranger at the different portals. We now wend our way homeward, *via* Charing Cross, one of the omnibus stopping places. Hailing one of the drivers, we mount to the top, and off we go to Islington.

An omnibus is very similar to our stage coach, differing only in its having outside as well as inside passengers, available to carry twenty-eight, (sixteen on top). Gliding swiftly along, by the aid of the electric lights, we have a grand view from the omnibus top of the thousands hurrying by, and also of the many buildings surrounding us on all sides. A threepenny ride in the train from Islington or Dalston Junction soon brings us to Wansbeck Road, ready for a good night's sojourn in the Land of Nod.

Wednesday, July 25th.—On this fine morning we make a tour of

HACKNEY AND HOMERTON,

(London, East). In these two sections there is a fine assortment of shops, access to which is easily gained by the suburban residents for the small fare of one penny by rail. In Hackney, a grand suit of shops, owned and managed by Rose & Co., are greatly admired. These shops situated on Mare Street are known far and wide as having the finest display of goods in Eastern London. Adjacent to these stand old Hackney Church and Cemetery. Here lie the remains of residents whose tombs date as far back as 1714. Other stones appear to be more ancient even than these, but being so exposed to the

weather, many of the inscriptions have been completely obliterated. A number of the epitaphs inscribed on these headstones are very peculiar, the following being a sample :

" Here lies a benefactor,
Let no man touch his bones."

Another—

"This is to perpetuate
The death of John Broke
Now enjoying this life."

In the evening, being the glad recipients of passes to a

CLOSING ENTERTAINMENT

in the Public or Board School, at Old Ford, we take the opportunity to attend. The building is divided into two entirely separate departments (boys' and girls'). This evening the boys' department is open to the public, as the entertainment is to consist of a concert given by these youths, ranging from six to fourteen years. This concert is given in order to show the harmony and unison that may be produced in a short time by studying music under the Tonic Sol Fa system, in preference to the old method of lines and spaces. Between fifty and sixty boys of the age above mentioned form the choir. The beautiful sounds produced by these juveniles, were wonderful. During the evening, there was not one hesitancy noticed by those present throughout the two hours' entertainment. The parts, with variations, expression, time, modulation, &c., were accurately given by these little fellows, under their masters' supervision, and called forth repeated encores from the crowded assemblage. The boys were divided into groups, for bass, tenor, alto, soprano, solo singing, second tenor, &c., &c., and appeared to thoroughly enjoy their part of the performance, as we did their rendering of the numbers set down. Not only do their abilities tend to singing, but also to drawing and the use of the brush. Samples of free-hand and perspective drawings, maps, figures, landscapes and models, are pinned up in all directions, gaining many an admiring comment.

Thursday, July 26th.—Gaining the acquaintance of Mr. Bell, Head Master of the

GAINSBORO BOARD SCHOOL

in Hackney, I had great pleasure in accepting his invitation to have a look at some English classes at work. This school corresponds to our Ottawa Central Schools in form, but not in size. The boys' school is under the control of the Head Master, whose duties are to classify the pupils, see teachers in their places, keep a sufficient supply of monitors and pupil teachers, keep accounts of fees, &c., &c. The duties of the Governess or Head Mistress

of the Girls' Department are similar to those of the Head Master. In the infant classes, no distinction is made between the sexes. The rooms on each floor are divided by folding doors, and partitions, thus enabling every alternate class to be instructed at specified times by pupil teachers, and still be under the control of the teacher in the room adjoining. Walking along the passage at the west side, we have a view of two sets of rooms, there being six divisions in each set, and as we stand at the end of one set of class rooms, the boys in all the rooms can be distinctly seen. The number of pupils, commonly in attendance, range from one to two thousand, divided into six standards, and again, frequently sub-divided into classes. Some of these standards are engaged in reading, arithmetic, language lessons, others in singing, (Tonic Sol Fa), and sewing. In several divisions tablets are placed in conspicuous positions, on which are printed, daily attendance, weekly attendance, and former month's attendance. Every child attending school, must, the first day of every week, bring to the master twopence or four cents, as school fee; and is compelled to attend from the age of five to thirteen years, under penalty of a fine, except in cases of sickness. Children will be admitted at the age of three and a half years, if the parents choose so to do. Two classes of this school have one hundred or more children between the ages of three and four. Each yard is well supplied with suitable articles of amusement; boys' with a gymnasium; girls' with swings, skipping ropes, balls, &c. Four teachers, each day, are selected to superintend the playground arrangements. This, to a great degree hinders a system of bullying practised by many overbearing fellows, who infest public schools in the winter season. The stairways are constructed of stone or granite, the grounds covered with a mixture of tar, oil and gravel, which forms a smooth and firm footing for the youth. Gratings through which the surface water runs from the yards are scattered here and there. The hours of schooling in London are as follows; nine a.m. to twelve noon; twelve to two p.m. intermission; two to four p.m. afternoon studies.

Friday, July 27th.—Although it was our intention to have many a ramble through the Parks, we have as yet had very little opportunity for doing so. To-day, however, we, in company with a party from Hampstead street, Tottenham Court Road, determine to at least make one good tour through the grounds of Victoria Park. Entering by one of the Eastern gates in close proximity to Morpeth Castle, we are in what is called the Green Park, completely surrounded by a grove of trees. At many points in the interior, other larger groves of a circular shape have been planted. On either side of one of the main entrances, a large stone alcove formerly situated near the site of Old London Bridge, serves as a guide to strangers, while in the Park. Near the various central groves, amusements of different kinds are ready for those desiring to try their muscles on the bar, swing, merry-go-round, pole, &c. Every grove, large or small, is fenced in with barbed wire, in order that the lakes always found in the interior of these groves may be secluded from the cattle and sheep, occasionally allowed to graze

there. One of the lakes, furnished with a solid artificial bottom, is used by hundreds of boys, every morning between eight and ten o'clock, as a bathing pond ; after this set time no person is allowed in the water by the Park officials. Another lake has an excellent supply of boats for sailing, a considerable stretch of water being traversed in once encircling it. Just as we make our exit from the grounds skirting these waters, a magnificent marble fountain, supplied with many jets and surrounded by a fine flower circle, is before us. This structure, erected at great cost by Lady Burdett Coutts, was, several years previous to this, presented by her to the Park authorities. As we stand at this fountain, we observe that almost the whole of the land between the many gravel walks, not planted with trees, is being taken possession of by hundreds of young men and boys, who are pouring in, through every entrance, and hurrying on to help swell the many groups already in their places. These are the cricketers that assemble here every afternoon, but more so on Saturday, when from thirty to forty separate clubs will be at play simultaneously. Owing to the large extent of land owned by the Park trustees, the Park is divided by thoroughfares into three parts including Green and Flower Parks. Passing several restaurants, we now enter the Flower Park where, as we pass along, on every side of us is seen beautiful beds of flowers. The large beds on one side of us are raised at different points, in most peculiar shapes, but still forming the exact counterpart of those opposite. Behind them are arranged the larger forest plants not only of Britain, but from foreign countries. The combined perfume from these, with that of the sweet mignonette, forms a delightful fragrance as we pass on. At the west end is laid one of the finest and most costly beds found in any of the London Parks. It is supposed to represent the Queen's Diadem with Prince of Wales' Feathers ; the gems forming separate beds, all raised from eight to ten inches from the grass plot surrounding this beautiful sight, is seen to best advantage from a carriage or an omnibus top ; the entire bed may then be taken in at a glance. Wending our way through several by-paths, new beds always coming to view, we turn homeward, once more, to prepare for a more distant journey than that of to-day's.

Saturday, July 28th.—As the

CRYSTAL PALACE

is spoken of, as one of *the* sights of London, and having a good opportunity to view this noted place, to-day, we find ourselves at half-past eight, this Saturday morn, stepping into a North London train for Broad Street. The fare to the Palace and return is within reach of all, great and small, being set down as low as eighteen pence. From Broad Street *via* London Bridge to Sydenham, it is not long before we are in sight of a sea of glass. The Palace company, having supplied the grounds with spacious railway stations, no inconvenience is felt by excursionists in having a long walk. And now, having passed the barriers and gained entrance to the area front-

ing the Palace, we are filled with wonder at the grandeur, immense dimensions, quantity of glass and other material, used in connection with this noble edifice. One tremendous iron framework, supplied with glass, oval shaped roof, a tower at either end, now stands before us, covering acres upon acres of ground in its extent. Two gigantic lion figures serving as a guide to visitors in various parts of the ground stand, or rather lie, near the main entrance. Entering a portal on the first floor, refreshment rooms, supplied with everything in the shape of eatables to suit a Canadian and his friends, and furnished with a very obliging and for the time humble set of waiters and waitresses, occupy our attention for a short period. Adjoining these, machines of many kinds are placed in motion, men and women being busily engaged, at such work as, weaving book marks, dyeing clothes, forming bracelets, marking handkerchiefs, blowing articles of glass, with astounding rapidity. On different floors, fine displays of articles sent from some of the largest manufactories in the world are placed in position. Ascending to the next floor, we are in the main department of the Palace, the Auditorium of the Great Central Concert Hall. Before entering further into this hall we turn to the left into a Concert Hall of a smaller scale, well seated, well lighted, containing an orchestra with seating accommodation for five hundred songsters. At twelve thirty a.m., an Instrumental Entertainment is begun by the Company's Orchestral Band. After spending an hour or thereabout, in listening to these talented musicians, and at the same time, in resting ourselves, we again enter a wing of the main hall which leads to the area of the Grand Concert Room. The almost incredible size of this Concert Hall, may in some measure, be brought to mind from the fact of its having comfortable accommodation in the orchestra for the large number of five thousand persons. To-day, the excursion is under the management of the Tonic Sol Fa College, which society has greatly enlarged under the excellent leadership of Mr. Proudman. This society has done away with the five lines and four spaces, and adopted in their stead, a system making use of the names of the notes, with a brief number of signs. At three in the afternoon,

THREE THOUSAND CERTIFICATED SINGERS

are seated in the Orchestra, in the centre of which stands one of those well known and highly prized Handel Organs. As the multitude gathers in the auditorium, Mr. W. C. Harris, a talented musician, gives a grand voluntary which could be distinctly heard, rods distant. In order to show the quickness with which this throng of musicians could read off a piece of music, a sight test is given during one of the intermissions. This piece prepared by an outsider, and consisting of many intricate variations, accidentals, slurs, &c. &c., was given, without the slightest hitch or hesitancy, five minutes after its being first seen by the singers. We must bear in mind that a large number of these singers were very young, and would naturally be inclined to feel nervous on their first singing in public; while others, occupying choir

seats, were among the first musicians of the land. The efficiency of the test was beyond the excursionists' comprehension. Throughout the programme, were dispersed numerous part songs, solos, given in such rich tones as are not commonly heard. Having had a two hours sojourn here, we turn our attention to examine some of the many articles arranged in the various wings of the Palace. In some apartments, we find needlework curiosities from foreign countries, for sale. Sculpture by world renowned artists has at a great expense been procured and placed at all the prominent points, in the form of poets, authors, painters, kings, and congress members. Here and there large monuments are erected; fountains also in full working order, throwing the spray from myriads of glass jets, giving the scenery around a fairy-like appearance.

Then again manufacturers from various parts send agents here, to amuse themselves as well as spectators by making and forming figures in sweets. Among the curiosities, numerous glass fronted boxes, labelled— "Please drop in a penny," attract the attention of hundreds. By some ingenious method the figures enclosed in the cases move from one side to the other, backward and forward, as a penny is placed in the niche. "Noah and his Followers," Skaters, Racers, Punch and Judy are a few of the representations in one wing, while the principal box in the wing opposite contains the minute figures of a full brass band, which are kept continually at work as long as the tourist is 'green' enough to drop in his ha'pence. A stand at one of these cases would be the best plan in the world for any, who being too flush are desirous of lightening their pockets of the weight within. Passing between several rows of marble, stone, and plaster cast figures, we enter the

EGYPTIAN HALLS.

They are elegantly fitted in old Egyptian style, while massive pillars carved from top to bottom with hieroglyphics abound on all sides, descriptive paintings being set in the walls. At intervals casts of the ancient gods are placed, representing the Sun, Moon, Neptune, Mars, Jupiter, &c. To the right and left of the portals huge sphynxes occupy prominent positions. The floors (also the ceilings) are all inlaid with peculiar designs. In one room a complete model of an Egyptian court, divided in two parts in order to show the form of the interior, is placed. In the palace several galleries have been erected solely for the purpose of supplying an art gallery to the Palace. Entering one of these, specimens of work done by many British as well as foreign painters are seen. In a hurried trip through these halls, one piece of work especially caught our eye, a painting of the "Clipping of Samson's hair." Another hall well worth a trip from London to see is visited by us, and that is the Wortemburg Collection. Here, wild animals from all the nations of the world have been brought, and, by an artificial process, are preserved and placed in one or other of their most likely situations, when inhabiting their native country; and being in these positions

form object lessons that will not easily be forgotten by an observer. Among the scenes depicted are the following:—boar hunt with dogs, fox hunt, tiger hunt, fight between buffalo and tiger,

MONKEY MEETINGS, RATS AND MICE IN TRAINING,

Hindoo Horsemen's contact with a number of Tigers. Excellent meals may be had in several other parts of the Palace than that we first observed for moderate fees, (one shilling or half a crown) any hour of the day, which entirely does away with that nuisance, the luncheon basket or bag. At different points in the large hall are groups of American Indians, Hindoos, Siamese, Afghans, &c. One group is in the act of worship, with a god at their head; another dining; a third, fighting or preparing to fight; and so on throughout the list. These models are so perfect that many a passer by may be deceived, unless he has sufficient pluck to touch one of the family. Not being allowed to do this and seeing many others in close quarters, we also trust ourselves to pass between two or three groups of these "audacious" people, and retire unmolested.

At seven o'clock another concert, given by a select choir from Tonic Sol Fa College, to the number of two hundred and fifty talented singers, is the next general centre of attraction. A choice programme under the management of Professor Proudman again greets us. During the evening the well known London soprano and alto singers, Misses Webber and Annie Williams were several times called for by the immense numbers still on the grounds, although several trains had been running quarterly since five o'clock from Palace to City. The ease with which these singers mastered the more difficult parts in their numbers was particularly noticeable. Not waiting till the performance was over, we quietly pass out by a side door to view the gardens and grounds. We now make our way towards the

MAZE

(admission 3 pence or 6 cents). This circular plot of ground, bound by numerous high hedges, connected at various points, leaving but one route of entrance and exit, forms a splendid rendezvous. Although, to the persons acquainted with the ins and outs of the maze, it is known there is only one route, yet as we move round a few times, one new path after another rises before us, and which of these should be taken? is a mystery to all. It not unfrequently happens, that, after a quarter of an hour's tramp round the plot, an individual will find himself further from the central point than he was at the start. Patience is therefore needed until the right exit is found, there being no chance of breaking through the hedge. It is this confusion, wandering round, suddenly coming on persons in the same predicament as ourselves that causes all the merriment. Emerging from the puzzling maze, we take a turn through the Bird and Monkey Houses,

peeping in at Mr. and Mrs. Bruin. As the time has approached for us to take our leave, the remaining sights of the Palace must remain unseen.

Sunday July 29th.—Having made up our minds to hear the

CELEBRATED SPURGEON,

we rouse ourselves bright and early in order to catch the train due at Dalston Junction. From the latter point we take bus sittings for the Elephant and Castle over London Bridge, and soon arrive at the tabernacle grounds. On account of the distance between Victoria Park and the church, and also of the immense congregation attending, we deem it advisable to be on the way, a couple of hours before the appointed time for service. Arriving at the

TABERNACLE,

an hour before the commencement of service, we begin to have some idea of what the size of the congregation will be in an hour's time, as the ticket holders at this early period are passing the barrier. By the kindness of one of the ticket collectors at the bar adjoining the tabernacle, we are cordially invited to enter. This grant was mainly owing to the fact of their being a "Canadian" among the party; it will therefore be seen that individuals from the "land of the the maple leaf" are not altogether dispised abroad. To this large building there are many entrances, and having gained one of them, we for the first time gazed upon the inner walls and galleries of the celebrated Spurgeon Tabernacle. Two galleries placed one above the other surround the church. Seats are placed in every imaginable spot, in the edifice. In the aisles, at the end of every seat hangs a drop seat which is lifted at ten minutes to eleven. Those in the same predicament as ourselves, (*i. e.*, without passes, although allowed to pass within the portals,) are obliged to keep side seats until that time. When eleven approaches the numbers in the aisles and lobbies are great. The seats at this period, are all free, and should there happen to be a vacant seat or two in the body, they may be taken by any, lucky enough to find them. At the hour appointed, about six thousand people are comfortably seated; with the galleries included, it is said to be capable of holding over seven thousand persons. Owing to the absence, on account of illness of the pastor, the number in attendance is not so large as on former occasions, but notwithstanding this there is an excellent supply in the person of his son, Rev. Charles Spurgeon, of Greenwich. Although the last named gentleman is known to be a very clever young man, yet, as he ascends the stairway, leading to the platform, a slight murmur is heard from many disappointed ones, who had, not unlikely, come a long distance by train this bright morning, for the purpose of hearing *the* Spurgeon. The choir is not one of the largest, consisting simply of one precentor, as at Archibald Brown's, who has full control of the musical part of the services. The pastor's reading desk is placed in

line with the second gallery, and beneath, a large platform somewhat raised from the ground floor is occupied by members of the Tabernacle Orphanage. As the congregation, composed of thousands of the metropolis inhabitants, rises to sing one of those grand old long metre hymns, the innocent heart throbs again and again with delight, at the thought of this human mass being led or directed in the right way by one so young as he. An excellent sermon is delivered by this young man this morning, many were the compliments that passed from one to another, at the close of the service. The text selected was from Acts, twenty-sixth chapter, twenty-eighth verse, the words of which are familiar to many. No collections are made at any time in this edifice, but boxes are placed at each door for the reception of offerings from willing givers, to help defray expenses, which must necessarily be very great. The amount of penny offerings is placed at each entrance the following Sunday, the amount marked up to-day being £27 1d. At the close of the morning service a letter, dictated by the sick pastor was read by the officiating minister, thanking the congregation for their former contributions and wishing them still to continue in attendance.

Saturday, August 4th.—During the past few days, I have been employed in the pleasing duty of looking up friends for friends, or in other words calling on numerous friends of Mount Sherwood residents. For this reason, I had occasion to journey through the following divisions of London, Holloway, Highbury, Pimlico, Tottenham Court Road, Clerkenwell, Portland Road, Bloomsbury, &c., &c., and thus the chief places of amusement and interest have been kept in the back-ground, as regards our visits. To-day, Saturday, we take a run to Broad Street Station. Walking as far as the Bank, we hail a bus for British Museum Road, and after a pleasant two-penny ride for a distance of several miles, alight within a rod or two of our destination.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

From the central gate this fine building is seen to great advantage. Two large wings project considerably beyond the main department of the Museum, while massive pillars are placed directly in front, supporting the huge arches formed above the main structure. A large lion and dragon are stationed on the gravel walk. As we enter the main hall, our umbrella, sticks, parasols, &c. are taken possession of by porters who in return, give us cheques, which must be shown as we take our leave, before receiving our articles again. This is to avoid, in some measure, that miserable habit (some folks have) of poking, if not their fingers, the articles in the hand, into or against that which does not require any such test. Looking down or along any of the halls before us, statues in all kinds of attitudes may be noticed. Frequently, a foreign artist is seen in some quiet spot, with figure before him or her attentively engaged either forming model figures or in painting the representations. We now enter the Assyrian Galleries,

which are especially interesting to the bible reader. The figures inscribed on the walls, are supposed to be true pictures of the Wars spoken of in Scripture, coronation of Kings, journeyings of the Israelites. In the middle of one of the halls are placed glass cases, in which large numbers of blocks, three inches square and upwards, are set. These blocks are covered with small indentations which are the ancient letters used by the people of Asia Minor. The blocks form the books, as they were then used, and are placed here in order according to date and importance. Again, beneath and across the representation transcribed on the walls, are other curious characters, said to be the minute descriptions of the scenes depicted. Some of these relics have been traced as far back as fifteen hundred B. C. In the Nimrod Galleries, among the multitudes of antiquities collected, are what were supposed to have been two of the Great Brazen Gates of Balawat with slabs, foundation stone, pivots, &c. Entering the first part of the Museum Library, we observe collections of the last letters and signatures of British and Foreign heroes, warriors, and sovereigns. Several were easily deciphered viz; those of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Nelson, and Duke of Wellington. On the right are models of all the Royal Seals that have been in use, from Edward the Confessor down to the present. Bibles of every tongue are placed in groups down the centre of the library; the leaves of many embossed and made from silk, satin, and cotton fabrics. Passing through suits of rooms containing parts of Colossuses, Sphynxes, kept in position by cast iron supports, we enter one of the Museum's greatest attractions room containing Egyptian

MUMMIES.

Bodies of some of the ancient Egyptians have been brought here and laid in air tight glass cases. The linen bound round the bodies has in some instances been partly unwrapped when a noticeable decay is observed as the result of these bodies being exposed to the light. Of the latter class, the shape of the toes, form of the head and neck, with a slight trace of the outlines of the face are observed. Within each case a supply of camphor is thrown so as to aid the preservation of this human pile by killing the insects which would otherwise abound. Here and there old stone coffins, open or half open are dispersed. Other suits of rooms containing ancient spears, hooks, javelins mounted with silver and gold, and also with many precious gems are passed through. It has been thought better to keep the British Museum Building supplied with the larger and more ancient relics; several suits of rooms for that reason are at present being emptied, and the collections taken to a branch of the Museum at South Kensington, where we will have occasion to visit in a few days.

Monday, August 6th.—To-day—Bank Holiday—from every quarter of this wilderness, pleasure seekers may be seen wending their way in the

direction of one of the many, many places of resort. We therefore, take excursion tickets to

EPHING FOREST

via, Chingford station. The number of people crowding into the carriages even at this hour (nine a. m.) is tremendous, and I am told that between the hours of eleven and two, it will be necessary to run trains every five minutes. Alighting at the Chingford station, distant three miles from our place of rendezvous, High Beech, we skirt the Grand Royal Hotel, an excellent edifice surrounded by artificial lakes formed in shady groves, where boats may be hired, and the swain in the forest, may if he choose, honor himself and his party by pulling the oar until the white blisters begin to show when he will suddenly stop and move for a change in the order of things. Having a fine clear day, the number of visitors is unusually large. By three p. m. one hundred and two thousand persons, have passed the barrier of the Great Eastern Station not including the vast number who drive and others who walk into the forest. The stroll through the woods is the cause of great delight to all. All kinds of amusements common to the English people may be found at intervals along the route such as swinging, skipping, cocoanut shying, donkey riding, the latter being the most interesting. The managers of the cocoanut shying occupy positions in various parts of the forest. Pickets at certain measured distances are placed upright in the ground, and on each of these a nut is set. Either balls or sticks are used by the individual whose mouth at this juncture, waters for a fine nut, and who having paid his penny is at liberty to knock one off, which he may claim as his own. When sticks are used the nut in order to be claimed, must be struck with such force as will knock it on the outside of a basket placed at the bottom of each stick or picket, (charge for the latter three sticks a penny.) As we return from High Beech to the station, we are astonished to see one immense black mass seemingly stationed, instead of being on the move; but as we stand on an eminence we notice the gradual sway of the throng leaning towards our destination. Nearing the station, this moving mass of excursionists comes to a stand-still, and all means of traffic by roads in the vicinity, are stopped for more than an hour, although trains are leaving at the same rate as at mid-day. The forest is only one of the many points which have their thousands also in attendance. In this evening's press we read that Crystal Palace, Fisheries, Brighton, Parks, and Museums &c., had not in one instance less than forty five thousand individuals besides the innumerable minor places of recreation.

Thursday, August 9th.—Taking tickets for Hackney, from which we walk to Hackney Downs, we receive passes for Highbury, North London. The principal point in this part of the city or rather metropolis, for the term city is only applied to a small portion of London Town, is the

GREAT CATTLE MARKET.

The plot of ground allowed by the corporation is more than two miles in circuit, capable of holding in the open yard, thirty thousand head at one time. Two days per week, the land is "let out" in allotments to second hand dealers, who come there by hundreds and deposit their wares on the ground, awaiting the buyers, who between the hours of two and five p.m. pass and re-pass in thousands, many coming from the lower and upper counties to this place for the simple purpose of investment. Nearing the many collections we take stock of a few. A short list I think will suffice; bent and rusty nails, hinges (odd), blacking brushes, formerly in use, now without a bristle, old carpets, shoddy cloth, boxes without lids, and lids without teapots, watches penny each, old clock faces and stands, crockery, chairs, screws, boots, leather of every description, old hats and caps to the end of the chapter, nearly all in a miserable state of decay. Returning to Dalston via Rectory Road, thence to Victoria Park we are soon within the precincts of No. 20 Wansbeck Road.

Saturday, August 12th.—To-day—Regular Half-Holiday—we determine to make good use of it by viewing two of the principal places in South Kensington,

MUSEUM (BRANCH OF THE BRITISH) AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

Taking the old return ticket to Broad Street, from the latter place, we make a short tour of the streets by way of General Post Office, Mansion House, to Mansion House Railway Station. Entering a nicely furnished compartment we descend several flights of steps to the station (underground), and take the train for South Kensington Station, a distance from our starting point—Victoria Park—of ten miles, for which mode of travelling we pay eight pence return or 16 cents (Canadian money). By this route we travel partly overland and partly underground. On the latter line we have no opportunity to complain of too much variety in scenery, being enveloped in total darkness, excepting the flickering light shown by a solitary naphtha lamp. Passengers are greatly annoyed by the sulphury fumes which enter our division, when windows chance to be left open. The Museum, a large edifice, with one of the finest frontages of any public building in London, stands in the vicinity of the station. At every stone post in the walls surrounding the Museum grounds are cuttings of animals, reptiles, birds, and insects. There are two fine carriage drives adjoining the main entrance. Between every window on the exterior, cuttings of various kinds, suitable to the collections in the interior, are scattered from roof to base. The whole structure, fancifully formed of terra-cotte, has to the outside beholder a pleasing as well as massive appearance. The principal entrance is one of the finest pieces of workmanship known. Figures are cut from the apex to the base, in the form of every animal known to geologists and historians. Not

only here, but throughout the entire buildings, cuttings are placed in the walls corresponding to the subjects forming the enclosed collections. As this Museum is at present only temporary opened to the public, a large portion of the curiosities, while being classified and arranged, are closed to the public. A fine specimen taken from the ocean stands in the main hall, in the personage of a huge whale skeleton, the different parts being excellently kept together, by means of cast iron fixtures, its length measuring sixty-five feet. Thick ropes, cords, and also railings are used to protect the different cases and stands. Turning to the right we enter rooms containing the remains of extinct animals. A comparison may easily be drawn between these and the modern animals retaining the same names, as samples of each are placed side by side in many cases. Many of these animals have so changed in size and appearance as to be almost entirely unrecognizable, as beasts of the same order or class. Two huge Irish deer, also a mammoth elephant, wingless bird are among the conspicuous specimens. Round the rooms, casements are fixed in which cement has been placed. Inlaid in the cement are the remains of numerous ancient creatures, which, when found, were in such a crumbly state as to make it necessary to leave the gravel among the different parts of the remains as it was when uncovered, and in that state have been brought here. The next rooms contain meteors and thunderbolts that have been picked up in various parts of North America, Asia, and Europe. The size and weight of one particular thunderbolt is such, as to make it appear almost incredible, for any object like this to have at one time been flying through the air at a terrific rate (the between four and five feet in diameter). Large specimens of crystals, compounds of oxygen, minerals, taken from all the mines so far opened up, are laid in catalogue order, which enables geologists and others to find their subjects with ease. These rooms being unopen we make a move for

THE FISHERIES' EXHIBITION.

At about four p. m. we near the great feature of to-day's excursion—the Fisheries' Exhibition (admission one shilling.) This enclosure largely corresponds to many business places of London, in its having very little show without, but magnificence within. Entering the "court," the first department, and procuring a plan of the grounds, we form some idea of the innumerable exhibits to be seen. The plan consists in a long circular row of halls surrounding the grounds. Adjoining the main entrance are the larger buildings, while in the interior, halls spring up in all directions crowded with commodities from every continent. First to be seen in the Grand Court are cases of diamonds, studded bracelets, earrings and broaches, coral fixtures, pearls, and other precious gems. A broach set with diamonds was placed here valued at something like twenty-two hundred pounds sterling or nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Every department is tastefully decorated with flags, bunting, &c., suitable to the representations within. High lamp-stands, chandeliers, fountains, &c., made of glass, occupy the corners,

and as the gas jets within are lighted, put forth lights of many colors. In this and other departments, large paintings of fish, fisheries, and fishermen, with ocean views, are hung on the walls. Before leaving the "Grand Court" a tablet, giving the weekly and daily lists of the numbers who passed the barrier, attracts our attention for a moment or two; and altogether contradicts a report, going the rounds of London, that, on account of the decrease in the attendance, the Exhibition would be closed for the season.

Monday gives room for fifty-five thousand; Tuesday, forty-seven thousand; Wednesday, a similar number; the total up to Thursday evening August 9th, from the opening day of the Exhibition, being a little over one million two hundred thousand. Entering the Central Hall we have before us every imaginable article thought of, in connection with fish and fishing, comprising fish, fishing boats, smacks, nets, ropes, lines, hooks, harpoons; all of many sizes, makes, and qualities. The models of Ocean and River steamers, also sailing vessels were highly admired. One of these particularly attracted our attention. In a large glass case, a portion of the ocean is represented as tossing several ships about, so as to make them appear almost unmanageable. The crew, having just lowered a large net, are running along the different decks, gathering up all the baskets, possible to obtain, by means of which they intend to safely house the expected haul in the hold below. In a lower case, the bottom of the ocean is represented. The net, surrounded on all sides by fish, and also by many outlandish looking animals, may be seen; while in the distance a diver may be noticed preparing to make ready the net for elevation. Huge sharp pointed rocks, boulders, abound on all sides, in the midst of which the form of a shark is noticed. At different points, life and other boats, secured from vessels which had been engaged in expeditions of discovery in the Arctic and other seas, lie in the same state as when found, many of them battered about considerably. Not only are fish and fishing tackle represented, but manufacturing firms have apartments selected for the purpose of holding their specimens of handicraft. At the lower end of the hall The Grand Restaurant is situated. Every table is numbered in the hall, and each of these numbers corresponds to the numbers worn by the waiter in attendance. Our party, taking possession of table No. 76, soon attracts the attention of No. 76 waiter, who expects a "bob" although he dare not ask it, for his exceedingly polite method of handling the victuals. We now make a round of the circular buildings surrounding the grounds. These contain collections formed from the catchings of Anglers' Societies including blocked and cured fish. The models and real fish in these halls are almost inseparable to the eye. In the western halls are set quaint looking troughs, in full working order, used for the breeding of salmon and other fish, by the thousands. New designs of canal-locks are constructed for the purpose of allowing the salmon to pass up into some of the higher waters of the country. There are not only artificial and prepared fish in these rooms, but multitudes of fishes full of activity, swimming to and fro, stopping now and then to feed at the feeding spots, on the whole, seeming

to be as much at home here as in mid-ocean. Huge lobsters and crabs, with a devil-fish or two, are strutting about at the bottom of large glass tanks. A large number of countries and islands are represented here, the more important having whole buildings to themselves, as Russia, Canada, Netherlands, France, Norway and Sweden, China, United States, &c., &c. There being a large amount to be seen on the open grounds as well as inside, we leave the halls to enjoy ourselves in the open air for an hour or two, before the electric lights are put in operation. The grounds are supplied with many fine gravel walks, beds of flowers, small lakes, and aviaries. Massive machinery of various kinds is being experimented upon. Throughout the grounds, strewn from the tops of trees, buildings, poles, all round and down the sides of walls and buildings, along the edges of foot paths, in and out the summer houses and branches of trees, are hung thousands of variegated chinese lamps and lanterns; some of these lights are arranged so as to form the monograms of members of royalty. The brilliancy and grandeur caused by these lamps and lanterns, interspersed by electric lights, can hardly be credited. At the time of lighting, scores of men are said to be simultaneously engaged at similar work. When the lighting is completed, the sight this evening will be one of the grandest now seen in London. From the Central Band Stand musical sounds are poured forth by the Royal Grenadier's Band to the delight of the thousands standing within hearing distance on the area. The whole Exhibition being now ablaze with chinese and electric lights, we again enter the row of buildings to make use of our eyes a little longer in viewing a few more curiosities. Taking a quick walk through 'China' where Mr. Ning Po is seated doing the honors of the house, by keeping his head on the swing backward and forward, as the ladies pass and repass his lordship; now and then, receiving a flower which causes an incessant bobbing of his cranium for several minutes, as long as the giver is in sight. Here, all the curiosities, known to the Chinese, in connection with the sea, have been brought; with here and there a model of some chinese game, or form of worship indulged in by them. We pass once more, through the Netherlands, Malta, Norway & Sweden, each having a representative from the country named on the building either reelining or walking up and down among his or her familiar objects. We now draw near one of the finest collections in the Exhibition viz,

THAT OF CANADA.

This building or suit of rooms is well supplied with maps, charts, pictures, dispersed among the departments; all kinds of canned and other fish found in Canada are strung from the upper sills in the form of pyramids and spirals. Light fishing boats of many designs and elegantly equipped are placed in rows one above another, occasionally rigged with Indian or Esquimaux bearings. The original "Grace Darling" lies in one of these halls. In a retreat near the main entrance is a state barge said to have been in use two hundred and fifty years ago, gayly adorned and apparently in good condition still.

Now as we are told too much fish is not good, too much fish story may not be much better, we will therefore leave the little fish behind and near our place of retirement.

Monday, August 13th.—From Broad Street we walk through

HOUNDSDITCH

one of the wealthiest business places of the Capital. On the street, there is not a vast amount to be seen, but if the visitor occasionally glances into the half open doorways of the shops, as he passes along, he will see many individuals hard at work in these rooms, crowded with cases, parcels, &c., which are being got ready for transmission to the places from which the orders came. This part of the Town is the habitation of Jews, who own these long tunnel shaped stores packed from top to bottom with goods of every kind. Through The Minories, past the celebrated firm of Moses and Son who are now retiring from business, we catch sight of the

TOWER RAILINGS AND GATEWAYS.

After securing admission tickets we pass first the Middle or Martin Tower, a strong portal, defended by huge gates protecting the chief bridge over the moat, which in former times was filled with water from the Thames. Passing the By-ward Tower, we enter the outerward in which the Old London Mint stood. In its place apartments have been erected for the use of the soldiers when billeted on the Tower grounds. The Royal Mint is now situated opposite the Tower. As we move along we have on our right the Bell Tower, in which it is supposed Queen Elizabeth was lodged during the reign of her sister Mary. Beyond this stands a grim looking archway forming the supports for a huge gate beneath, through which many a Royal personage and state prisoner have passed never to return. This gate, termed "The Traitor's," opens on to the Thames Front. It was through this opening Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Sir Walter Raleigh, etc., passed; and up the stone stair-case to the gloomy wards beyond. We now pass under the Bloody Tower, in which, it is said, the children of Edward IV. were smothered by order of their Uncle, Richard III. The walls of this Tower, we are told by the guide, are at the base thirteen feet in thickness, the room on the ground floor twenty-eight feet in diameter, and all the divisions eight sided. Passing up a narrow flight of stairs, on the right, we reach a small room with a large glass case in the centre, covered with cast iron frame work. In this case the crown jewels are kept, one of the most valuable collections known in the whole world. These, as we all know, are of unknown value. The crown of Her Majesty Queen Victoria occupies the highest tier; then the golden crowns of St. Edward and Prince of Wales, Queen's coronation crown and diadem. All of these are studded with diamonds, rubies and pearls. Various staffs,

sceptres, bracelets, spurs, crosses, with baptismal font, wine fountains, are all of pure gold. Passing again down the stairway, and across the court to the Armouries and White Tower, we tramp up one flight after another, delayed for a time at one of the landings, where a tablet is placed announcing that 'this is the spot where the bodies of the princes were hidden after their murder.' Passing through St. John's Chapel we enter the Banqueting Room. This large room is filled from end to end, dome to floor, with row upon row of rifles, swords, pikes, etc., used by the British nation. Overhead is a unique piece of workmanship, in the form of the Prince of Wales' wedding cake, composed of swords, spear-heads, ramrods and butts, to the number of 1,700. In various works are flowers, formed from similar instruments. Again ascending, we enter the halls containing ancient arms, armor, and models. Samples of instruments of torture, thumb-screw, wrack, boot, collar, stocks, are also shown. Descending to the inner court we cross to the Beauchamp Tower, but there being so many visitors at the entrance awaiting admittance, we leave and turn our steps towards London Bridge. Into the Beauchamp Tower, only a limited number are admitted, as the chamber through which the strangers must pass is dark and narrow, and lately, it has been reported, several robberies have been committed in this passage. This building is said to contain relics, signed signatures, and cuttings in the walls, of almost all the noted prisoners spoken of in British History.

Tuesday, August 14.—From Victoria Park we take a run down to Broad Street, thence walk to London Bridge Pier, and for the fare one penny or three half pence return have a nice trip on the Thames as far as Westminster Bridge, near the Palace and

ABBEY,

the latter being our destination. Along the river route we have on either side, from the point of boarding the tug to our place of landing, one solid mass of buildings, no matter what direction we look, no signs of the green fields and farm yards, but in their stead workhouses, luggage sheds, stations, etc., have been built, supported by large stone piers, and thus allowing these edifices to encroach greatly on the river Thames. Entering by the north door of Westminster Abbey, we are surrounded on all sides by memorial monuments of the great poets, writers, musicians, sovereigns, etc., etc., while, as we walk through the corridors, we know that beneath our feet some of the greatest and noblest lie. From the Abbey guide, we gain considerable information as to the adornment, inscriptions, etc., that abound in the Abbey. There are in all nine chapels, of which the names are St. Paul, St. Edmund, St. John, Henry VII, etc. On placing a sixpence in the hand of an old gentleman, who stands at an iron gate, that shuts out the public from traversing the entire church of their own accord, we are led in a body through the small corridors into the Royal chapels,

among royal tombs and monuments. These monuments, in some cases, date as far back as Edward the Confessor's time, the principal one in St. Edward's Chapel being his. This costly structure has been greatly altered; the adornments, gems, etc., with which it was formerly decorated are gone. Visitors from far and near come to this Abbey for the sole purpose of either breaking a small corner off or rubbing the dust from some portion; this, they carry home and treasure as one of the finest specimens of keep sakes they could wish for. It is this habit of nicking the figures and tombs, that has disfigured many of these elegant structures to a far greater extent than by the natural decay of the material. Another vault contains a tomb magnificently wrought of marble and stone combined, in memory of Lady Jane Grey. At one end of the chapel in a large brazen urn is put the dust of the bones of Edward IV's children, while in two urns adjoining this the hearts of two noted sovereigns are enclosed. In many of the little recesses large numbers of celebrated individuals have been laid. One compartment about ten feet square, we are told, contains the bodies of sixty-five honored personages. Adjoining Edward the Confessor's chapel, stands a comical looking chair, of rather ancient appearance, straight back, without adornment, a huge stone placed directly under the seat. This, now plain looking, domestic necessity is the coronation chair in which all our sovereigns have been crowned. The stone beneath is the supposed original one on which Jacob rested his head, brought first to Scotland afterwards to England. In the poets' corner are placed the figures and tombs of Longfellow, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Handel, (musician), etc. Passing through the Royal Chapter we again enter the Abbey having on our right a small munificently furnished compartment, in which the Peers of the realm do homage on the accession of new sovereigns. We now leave this ever-to-be-remembered sanctuary *via* Parliament Street to

NATIONAL GALLERY.

Another excellent entrance! The rooms of the gallery above ground number fifteen. Turning to the right we enter number seven; before passing through the doorway a picture of very large dimensions, situated in the lobby, attracts our attention. It is intended to represent the destruction and misery caused by the worshiping of the god Bacchus, from the tomb to the tomb. It comprises several hundred figures, representations of a pulpit, shop or other place of business, marriage, ball, funeral ceremony, etc., being all cleverly depicted with accompanying descriptions. Only a few of these many valuable paintings can be spoken of at present. Several of the numbers are contributions presented solely by one individual, such as Peel and painted by Claude or Turner. Series of pictures are frequently met with in the halls. One painting by Haggarth commences with "Courting," after which follows in order, "Marriage Compact," "Wedding Ceremony," "Dissipation," "Broker's Interview," "With The Doctor," "Flirtation," "Suicide." These paintings in No. 2 hall are well examined by the passers-by.

Wednesday, 15th August.—As a relative of a Mount Sherwood friend resides at

BLETCHLEY,

distant forty-six miles from London, I have set down to day's programme as "Excursion to Bletchley and Return." The route taken is, in the fore-part, already familiar, being by way of Dalston Junction. From this, by train No. 2 I reach Willesden Junction, there taking the through train to Bletchley Station. On these lines the third class carriages are well supplied with cushions, curtains and hat-racks. Arriving at Willesden Junction a little after nine a.m., a delay is caused by the Liverpool train not being due until nine twenty-six. The train due at this time not being an express train, I do not arrive at Bletchley until eleven-fifteen. Along this North Western Line, the country as viewed from the train window is covered with a bright yellow tinge. The many acres visible to us are divided into small fields in which ripe and partly-ripe grain is standing, with patches of mangolds, cabbages, and potatoes. Now we see a smart-looking lassie in great haste, with garden implements and basket, walking towards the potato fields, where she will doubtless procure something for the men we see beyond, that will aid, perhaps, in putting more activity into their movements. These farm laborers are engaged in cutting swarths by hand, and also by the use of the reaper, while others are in the rear binding and tossing the sheaves. On nearing Bletchley, a peculiar sight is noticed on the top of one of the neighboring hills, in the form of a large tree shaped like a common cross, and towering far above the other forest trees. Alighting at a very quiet part of the country, I have a nice walk of a mile or two, and soon reach Fenny Stratford, a neat little town overlooking a fine stretch of hilly land. Three prominent heights called respectively Bow Brickle, Little Brickle, and Big Brickle form the boundary in part of a portion of country twelve miles across, owned by one of the Lords in the British Parliament. After having a pleasant day's sojourn in the country I take the four minutes-past-six-express for Euston Square and reach Willesden Junction at six-fifty-seven. Here changing on to the North London Line, I am soon within the portals of No. 20 Wansbeck.

Saturday, August 18th.—Having formed numerous friendly acquaintances during our short stay in England, an excursion party is gathered, and off we go for the half day to

CHINGFORD,

Epping Forest, determined to have a few hours' good frolic while in England. Although to-day is an ordinary holiday, still many private parties are scattered throughout this part of the Forest. The trains run every half hour instead of every quarter as on former trips, and are all well

filled with passengers. At five p.m., we take tea at Mrs. Perry's, an old lady's residence at Forest side,—fare, nine-pence per head. Feeling in better spirits after this exertion, we go farther into the forest towards Forest Lake. As darkness sets in, portions of music are selected by the choir and sung for our own benefit, as well as for the benefit of scores sailing about on the Lake. As the moon rises above the horizon we move back towards Chingford. Wishing to lengthen our ramble as much as possible we pass this station and move on to Hale End, the next Forest Station, where we board the half-past-ten train.

Monday, August 20th.—Yesterday our day's work was marked out as usual, attending the services of Rev. Archibald Brown and Cropper, who hold open air as well as in-door meetings. Taking the usual train to Broad Street, across to Bishopsgate, thence underground to Baker Street, we soon arrive at the famous and widely-known exhibition,

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX WORKS.

The ground floor is occupied by a large free bazaar, in which curiosities expensive and otherwise are on view and for sale. On the upper floor is the exhibition, entrance to which is gained on the payment of one shilling. In these halls life-like wax figures of all the noted characters of this and former generations, Sovereigns, Peers, ministers, murderers, etc., stand. These figures have not, in any way, the form I expected they would have, and perhaps others went to the halls for the first time with the same idea, which was this:—that these models in all probability would be minutely executed, every line, every feature, accurately carved or traced. Well this of course I did find. But, then, although I expected this dexterity to be shown, the appearance of the face, hands and parts of the body exposed, would, I imagined, have a smooth, white, milky look, common to all the figures. Instead of this, what a surprise meets our gaze, men, women and children whose features have all the bloom and color possible even to such when alive! Almost incessantly, partly smothered exclamations are heard uttered by some individual, who has found out his mistake in either trying to get up a conversation with a 'dummy,' or uttering words of pardon at finding himself treading on the toes, or knocking the elbow of one of these wax figures, such as, a policeman, soldier, or gentleman. The cast, graceful form and grandeur in dress of the sovereigns who, in many cases, are regaled in the rich court dress, are lauded from all quarters. The clothes, placed on the whole collection of figures, have, as far as possible, been purchased by Madame Tussaud & Son as the original dress, worn by the persons represented. At the entrance stands Mr. Charles Dickens, a favorite author to many Ottawa young folks, in an easy position, with one hand in his pocket and the other in the act of laying some of his volumes in the cabinet by his side. In the room opposite the entrances are Italian personages. On a high couch lies in solemn state Pope Pius IX, elegantly attired, and attended

by guards on either side. To the right are Humbert, King of Italy, Garibaldi and others, with the original cloaks worn. The first large group in the large hall are Indian subjects, Khans, Governors, eighteen in all. Adjacent to these, stands a policeman, to whom I saw several questions put by visitors just coming in, who failing to receive any reply turn from him retired with disgust. This poor individual was "speechless." Out of three hundred figures a very few only can be mentioned. An old lady, Madame Tussaud stands at the head of the wonders of the exhibition—Madame St. Amaranthe who is represented as lying in her cot in a natural sleep. If the visitor looks attentively on the figure a moment or two, he will notice a locket attached to a necklace, lying on the bosom of this young maid, rise and fall at regular intervals, representing the natural breathing of a living being. This is caused by some ingenious mechanism placed in the interior. At the foot, Mr. Cobbett with his lofty hat, and box of snuff is seated in the centre of a settee. On looking first in one direction, and then in another, now and then allowing his high collar to occasionally catch under his chin, which tends to spoil his personal appearance, he attempts to take a pinch of snuff. Immediately in front of this pleasant old gentleman on one of the cushions used by visitors is seated Dinah Kitchen, an old lady about eighty-seven, with brightly-colored cotton handkerchief, staff, thin shoes, with one toe appearing above the surface of one well worn shoe. This elderly creature is gazing upon a scene of grandeur—Royal family in court dress—position standing, with Queen in the centre on her throne. Accompanying these are the ministers of the realm, Shaftesbury and Beaconsfield, also Stanley and Livingstone, &c. The stately appearance with which these figures are formed, the richness of the trains, etc., used, are marvellous. At various points in the Halls are many noted individuals—Captain Webb, so well known to Canadian readers, stands among the lot, while Voltaire and a leading coquette are engaged in a seemingly interesting interview—William Penn, in quaker costume—Presidents of United States are also to be seen. The next rooms, Halls of Kings, contain the Sovereigns from William I. to Victoria. At the main entrance a large group, representing Tudor Kings and Queens and numerous wives, attracts considerable attention. Then follow Cetewayo, Egyptian Pashas, Berlin Congress; some of the latter engaged in writing, others bringing in bills or billets from the outer court. The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is placed in rather an ancient spot, being between William the Conqueror and William II. Passing through the Halls of Kings, leaving Tom Thumb still sitting on the palm of the giant, we enter the Golden Hall, the corridor to the Chamber of Horrors. Here Burke and Cavendish stand conversing at one corner, while a little further on is Carey, by dress a pparently in good position. Behind him stands Miss Dobbs, a murderess well known in London circles in connection with a crime recently committed at Euston Station. To the right are rooms containing relics of engagements with Napoleon Bonaparte. On a camp bedstead he himself lies, while at his head stands his carriage. Pieces

found on battle grounds or taken from prisons, forts, are placed here. At one corner of the bed is Voltaire's chair, in which visitors are continually bobbing for a moment, and then pop out, as if the structure did not suit them. Here are also kept a vest, stockings, boots and shirt worn at one time by Tom Thumb. Returning to the Golden Hall we pass into the

CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

Before us in docks are all the noted wretches of the kingdom. These fellows and women, arranged in groups of twelve or more, have the clothes on known to have been worn by them. Guiteau stands here in company with a group of rascals as bad as himself. Lefroy whose name is coupled with that of Gold, occupies a prominent position. The Guillotine, brought from the continent and placed here, is said to have had twenty-two thousand persons hurried into eternity by its means. A gallows, with Marwood in attendance, is also placed in position at one side of the "Horror." In the Golden Room, as well as in the Halls of Kings and large rooms are models of babies of royal and celebrated persons, either on the point of going to sleep or rising from slumber. The magnificence, value and perfection with which these figures are got up cannot be fully realized by any whose misfortune it is not to view or have a glance within an Exhibition of this kind.

Tuesday, August 21st.—Taking return tickets via Blackwall to Woolwich we are swiftly carried in the direction of the Arsenal, passing on our route Old Ford, Bow, Poplar, Blackwall, Charlton and North Woolwich. As we take the boat at Blackwall, large firms and factories etc., are seen on either side. Shortly before reaching the end of our trip we pass the celebrated training ship "Warspite," on which large numbers of youths are seen hurrying up and down the rigging. After a quick walk through South Woolwich we arrive at the

ARSENAL GATES.

Here they are very particular in regard to the persons whom they allow to enter. Our party underwent a short examination, wrote answers to several questions in a large book kept for the purpose, and then entered. The Arsenal is laid out very much like a small town, streets numbered, avenues lettered. Passing the schools, surgery, etc., we first enter the carriage room, containing carts, wagons for carrying the wounded and dying in upright or recumbent postures, also every vehicle requisite for the carrying of heavy luggage. Leaving this, we pass through the model room, in which are the models of ancient and modern guns, several cannons that have been in active service, one from Egypt which did such deadly work during the past year. We now enter large manufacturing buildings, where massive guns are trimmed smoothly as they are spun

round in huge machines. The greatest cannon now on view in the Arsenal is of eighty tons burden, sixteen-inch muzzle. Others are of the weight, fifty tons, forty-three tons, etc. Powerful hammers are in operation, smashing up the old cannon balls and cannons. Nearing the smelting furnaces the heat is so oppressive as to cause a sickening sensation to immediately come over us, we therefore move away from this spot as soon as possible. While within, one of the oven doors is lifted, the heat and light from this white-heat furnace, is such as to compel us to keep the one position until it is closed down. We now pass through several other furnace departments, where hundreds of men are busily employed, surrounded by intense heat. One set of men is engaged in pouring molten ore into troughs arranged in large numbers along the iron floor forming "pigs." Others are passing backward and forward with large buckets filled with brass or iron in a liquid state and pouring the contents into wheel moulds, which have been formed in the clay by other sets of young men. To the left of these all the brass fixtures that have been broken off or set down as of little use are thrown into small divisions, kept in an exceedingly high state of temperature by means of fires applied below the grating. Soon the ore melts, and runs off in troughs arranged below the flooring. The workmen, supplied with buckets, then bring this fiery mass into the rooms containing the moulds, into which the liquid is thrown. Another building, in which the cannon coils are formed, is visited. The furnaces in this department are of great length for the purpose of receiving long bars of steel four inches wide and upward. Huge rollers are placed directly in front of the furnaces and as the bars, now in a flexible condition, are forced out of the furnace by means of large trucks supplied with pulleys, pass over the large rollers, spirals are formed. Each of these is then placed separately under tremendous pressure, and forced into one solid circular piece which forms the main part of the guns. We now pass through a few of the stores in which are saddles, horse shoe nails, bits, bridles, combs, buckles, and many other things required in the army and navy, by the half million. Cannons, finished and otherwise, abound in all directions. Passing through machine shops, in which young men by hundreds are busily employed in turning caps, cartridges, rods, and filling the trucks brought on the trams to their side, we pass again into the grounds, where wider trams are laid, and small steam engines are running hither and thither. Entering into the rooms where shells are formed and passing on through the model shell-room, containing samples of shells, torpedoes used at sea and on land, rockets, etc., we wend our way toward the gates at five-thirty p.m. Here several thousand men are gathering together in readiness for departure, and as the Arsenal bell strikes out, a general move is made towards the exterior of the walls, none being allowed to pass the barrier before the tolling of the bell, unless it be in cases of dismissal. Making our exit into the streets without, we stand for half an hour or thereabout watching this mass of men pouring into the streets, completely blocking up the way at the cross roads, but being bound

to time, we hurry on to the boat and enjoy a pleasant trip up the river to Victoria Park *via* Blackwall Landing.

Wednesday, August 22nd—

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,

One of the great attractions of the City, receives a short visit from us to-day, but we leave with the intention of again paying a visit to this shrine on some future occasion. Surrounding the building is a nice plot of ground where, in some places, flower pots have been formed with vases, pillars, etc., at intervals; in others, flights of many steps lead up to the edifice. The Dome of this Cathedral is seen at long distances, towering above the many high buildings beneath it. The edifice is in the form of a cross, as are also the other large Cathedrals in England. In the interior are a large number of monuments, tablets, stained windows to the memory of leaders, great painters, and heroes. Chief among them stands those of Sir Christopher Wren, Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, while inlaid in the walls are a large number of tablets, in memory of soldiers and officers who died fighting for their country. A beautiful tablet, recently put in, is in memory of those brave fellows whose remains lie on the battle-field of Tel-el-Keber. In the body of the Church are rows of chairs that extend partly down or along four wings. Standing in the centre of this collection of chairs, we have above us, at a great height, the

WHISPERING GALLERY,

So called on account of its being constructed in such a manner as to allow a gentle whisper, uttered as close as possible against the wall, to be heard on the farther side of the Gallery distinctly. Several other galleries are situated in the Cathedral to which entrance may be gained by throwing a six-pence into the hat or cap of the vergers in attendance.

This evening, having been repeatedly asked our opinion of the Salvation Army tactics, we intend paying a visit to their head-quarters. Many small missions, under the control of the Army officers, are scattered in and about London, but their principal hall, called the

"THE CONGRESS HALL,"

Is situated in Clapton, a parish adjoining Hackney. The esplanade at the entrance to the Hall extends out to one of the main streets. On each side of this esplanade are large model dwellings which, I believe, are also owned by the "Army." Ascending the stone steps of a very large edifice, we are asked by the "soldiers" on guard at the door to remain in

the porch for a few moments. While standing here we take note of the bill over the doorway, stating that persons are only admitted during times of singing, in order that the attention of the listeners may not be disturbed by intruders. At either side of us, other members of the Army are engaged selling the photos, books, scarfs, banners, etc., used in connection with the 'Army.' As a lively tune is commencing the doors open, and we are admitted into a large well-lighted building, that is about half filled with hearers. On descending two short flights of steps we are in the midst of the "Soldiers," but finding that strangers, who are not members, occupy the higher seats, we pass up to seats placed nearer the walls, and then have a good view of all the congregation. The Hall is built in the form of a square. In the centre of the building, a long table is placed, surrounded by a few rows of chairs. Around these, seats are placed, enclosing the four sides, with spaces left here and there for means of entrance and exit. As the seats recede from the central point—the table—they gradually rise one above the other, until those built against the four walls stand twenty or twenty-five feet higher than the chairs in the centre. Supporting the roof of the building are four large pillars on which printed cards are placed, having on them texts suitable to the subject now before the congregation. A large printed notice "Do not leave before 9.30" informs us that we are not our own masters, even in this case, so we settle ourselves in comfortable positions and await. At one side of the long table is a large group of the "lassies." These are dressed in plainly-made blue serge dresses, with the letter "S" attached to the collars. On their heads are closely-fitted bonnets, all being of the same color—blue. The 'common soldiers' or 'privates' are dressed in blue-colored trousers, bright red gurnsey, with the words "Salvation Army" worked in yellow colors. The dress of the officers is of a darker color, with letter 'S' on the collar. To-night is what is called "Holiness Meeting Night." One of the officers, selecting a portion of Scripture, expounds, then calls for a piece of music; something lively. As they sing, their feet commence to move with a regular tramp, then their heads and arms are thrown in various directions, as if in actual combat with something which is unseen to us. The song or hymn is frequently closed by a general shout of "victory," "victory," etc. At the close of the hymn, the speaker renews his discourse, which is momentarily interrupted by the excited shoutings of the 'Salvationists.' If the speaker thinks the members lag in any way in their exclamations, he ejaculates by saying "What's wrong?" "Why don't you say 'hallelujah'?" "Say hallelujah," "Is not that good?" and similar questions, meeting with loud and immediate responses from the female members. As the excitement of the speaker increases, he rises on a chair, then the table, and up and down this, he paces for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time the members are called on, and the form of the meeting now turns to that of a fellowship meeting. A score of individuals are at once on their feet, in readiness to speak. Each one is allowed from two to four minutes, and after

that time must give way to some one else. All of those who rose, appeared to be speaking with great earnestness, and not a few, as they sat down, were shaken hands with by many of those sitting or standing near. At 9.30 the collectors pass round, and now those who wish may leave. In connection with the Army a paper called the *War Cry* meets with a good demand. This is sold on Sunday as well as week-day to the London people.

Friday, August 24th.—Knowing that my stay in England is now fast drawing to a close, I take the opportunity to-day of making a final visit to

LONDON CENTRE,

And of ascending high above the clatter of the London world. Accordingly after numerous enquiries as to the shortest route, found my way to my destination, the

MONUMENT.

This gigantic piece of masonry commemorates the Great Fire of London, and is situated near the Thames' embankment, within easy walking distance of St. Paul's Cathedral. For the trouble of climbing up the monument stairway a fare of three-pence is expected, and asked for—not asked for either, for the old man at the foot of the stair-case is either very deaf or both deaf and dumb. Passing this old man I observe a task is before me. Leaning over the bannister and looking upward I am made aware that the bright spot, I see above this spiral shaped stairway, must be neared very closely before my trouble is half over. The stone stairway, winding round in a spiral form, ascends to a tremendous height. At intervals port-holes, to admit a little light and help to ventilate the interior, alcoves also, have been left. The latter are patronized by the tired climber, when not altogether out of reach, but as this happens very often, they are not of much aid either ascending or descending. Emerging on to the stone platform, I catch a fresh breeze, hundreds of feet above the travellers on the streets below. I have more of an inclination to lie down rather than stand up, and try to rest my trembling limbs. An iron-barred cage encloses the visitors, and thus avoids what would necessarily be a common occurrence, the losing of hats or caps. Telescopes may be had on the payment of a penny for ten minutes' time, when I gladly give up the instruments to the owner after following all kinds of devices to see some one thing distinctly through them, but fail. Not being a very clear morning, I cannot distinguish buildings at any great distance. The Crystal Palace with its glistening roof is just caught sight of. We have however a vast amount to attract our attention in the immediate vicinity. One of the most pleasant parts of my tour is to lean against the railing and view the many moving masses, vehicles diminutive in size, in scores at the street corners, as a slight murmuring sound is gently wafted by us with the

passing breeze. In my descent, I determined to find out how many steps I took in ascending that wonderful structure, and from actual count found the number to be three hundred and five. Above the stone platform is a flight of stairs leading into the ball, to which the general public is not admitted. It had been my intention, after descending, to walk over to St. Paul's and ascend to the Whispering Gallery, but my feelings on the occasion do not warrant another hour's toil up and down, I therefore travel homeward.

Sunday, August 26th.—We for the last time attend Archibald Brown's Tabernacle, one of the largest congregations ever witnessed in attendance. Mr. Brown, the regular Baptist pastor, is on the platform. In connection with the Tabernacle an orphanage has been organized; of this the pastor frequently makes mention, as to its prosperity, kindness of friends, work done by the trustees, etc.

Monday, August 27th.—To-day we make ready for departure from the Park by way of Peterboro to Canada. Taking a north London train to Dalston, changing there to Finsbury Park, and there undergoing a second change of carriages, we are soon flying along by the four-fifty-three express from King's Cross. Past hills and bridges, past small villages, farm houses, cattle and sheep yards; through deep cuts, long tunnels, in a couple of hours we jump out of our compartment on to the Peterboro platform, and thence to Westwood Street. Here we intend resting awhile before beginning our long journey.

Wednesday, August 29th.—From early morn till noon, we are engaged packing and unpacking first one thing, and then another; now and then in one another's way. And, as the porter calls for the luggage, crush the last article in a flat state in one corner, and follow on quickly to catch the eleven-forty-three train for Liverpool. For the carriage marked

“LIVERPOOL,”

others as well as ourselves are hastening, but a couple of sittings, after considerable difficulty, are at length secured. Bidding farewell to the last of the Peterboro and London friends, our train speeds onward. We have a quick run to Godley Junction, where a change of cars quickly takes place, and off we go at a fast rate. Passing again through Sheffield and other smaller places before noticed, we enter a tunnel of great length, and, at a few minutes past four in the afternoon, our journey, as far as railways in England are concerned, is at an end. Hailing a cabbey we are soon at Bowles', one of the nearest hotels, glad to be again away from the smoke and dust of the line. Fifteen families, bound for America by

CIRCASSIAN,

sailing to-morrow, are quartered here. Before eight p.m., all tickets must be changed at Allan Bros. Offices, ten minutes' walk from the hotel. This being done, we rest content to await the morn's approach.

Thursday, August 30th—8 a.m. All is bustle, trunks being hauled first one place, then another, hacks coming and going from Hotel to Landing Stage. All our party leave for the stage at eight-thirty, comprising individuals of all ages, from the babe-in-arms to the man or woman of eighty years. Arriving at Number 5 bridge, what a tremendous crowd of people line the stage almost from end to end! Many would-be travellers are keeping watch over a heap of bundles of various sizes, band boxes, bedding, trunks, paper parcels, &c., &c. Simultaneously, one tender is loaded with baggage and a second with passengers. These boats are built very strong, with little or no ornament hanging on their decks. Nearing the noble looking vessel "Circassian," many familiar countenances are noticed among the crew. In about three quarters of an hour we are walking up the gangway on to the vessel. The tenders with luggage on board arriving means business; officers and men are now arranged in groups for a few hours' good hauling up. By means of metal elevators worked by steam, four or five trunks are thrown on to the deck at one time, then by the use of the ship's elevator are lowered to the hold below. All day long the passengers and freight continue to arrive, and a feeling of uneasiness prevails among those who have been on board since ten o'clock. At last, as the last piece of freight is lowered into the hold, we feel the vessel gradually moving towards the Irish Sea. On we go towards the Ocean, passing Isle of Man light house after eleven p.m.

Friday, August 31st—We are now out of sight of land. At the tables many jokes and witticisms are passed round as the different dishes are served. This over, there is a general stampede for the deck, where a couple of hour's promenading is gone through with. Foreigners from various European countries are here and there engaged in an unintelligible harrangue. There are on board Poles, Norwegians, Swedes, Huguenots, Germans, with the usual mixture of English, Scotch, and Irish; in all, nine hundred and eleven souls, seven hundred of whom are in the steerage. About mid-day, we find ourselves sailing pleasantly down Loch Foyle, for six or eight miles. Before reaching Moville, we once more pass the green hills and mountains, castle and light houses. As we lay to for the tender from Londonderry to come along side,

LOCH FOYLE HERRINGS

are plentifully supplied. Quite a number take advantage of the Captain's offer to allow them a run in Ireland of an hour or so. An old castle is

selected by some as the point to head for, returning with small pieces of stone, dirt, ivy, other plants, flowers, and Irish whiskey. These are subject to a close scrutiny by those unable or unwilling to vacate the ship. After receiving over two hundred passengers, we retrace our course out of Loch Foyle. With a sweep to the left, in a few hours' time the shores of "Ould Ireland" dwindle into a mere blue outline, and as darkness comes over us, lose sight of it altogether.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7th—As will be seen by the leading dates of this paragraph, there has been a blank in the gathering of notes during the past week. On awaking Saturday 1st, I had a most peculiar feeling within and without. This was a commencement of a series of days with

SEA-SICKNESS

for a heading. A large majority of those on board are at this period just getting over the effects of a week or four days' general debility. Sunday was almost entirely spent in the berth, as well as several days following, occasionally crawling on deck to get a fresh breeze, and then return. This heaviness was not at first owing to the rough state of the sea, but to the ever-rocking motion of the vessel, when out in the ocean. On Tuesday morning the tables were gradually becoming full, but this did not last long. The weather is cold, and it is found rather hard, by those in the berths, to remain warm long, unless they manage to get up and exercise themselves a little. As the wind begins to rise higher, we overhear a remark of the captain, that a

"BLOW"

about midnight may be expected. About five p.m., the wind has considerably heightened. Some turn in early this night, while others remain in the mess room drinking, shouting, and knocking about the glasses in a lively manner, although the vessel has begun to rock from star to lea and bow to stern. The noise and laughter increases, as one after another is knocked over a seat or on to the table by the sudden move of the ship. As the ship bell tolls the hour of ten, eleven, twelve, the hurricane still increases in vigor. The ship is tossed about, as if it were an empty barrel, instead of four thousand tons burden. Before the hatchways have been properly secured, a sea dashes over the vessel, throwing a large body of water down the hatch, and drenching to the skin all those within the mess room. Again and again the hatches are lashed, and still a sea breaks over us, lifting the coverings from their foundations, and sending tons of salt water into the dining rooms below. A high base-board, fronting each cabin, somewhat protects those in the berths. Now, as the pile of trunks, wanted on deck, and heaped one above the other in one

corner begin to move what an awful noise commences! Trunks bumping against the cabin doors, threatening to smash the portals into a thousand pieces! Tray seats rolling and catching on the table tops! Crockery now and then forced out of the lockers! Whole shelves, with frontings also, tumbling on to the deck! Cooking and other utensils taking the whole length of the mess room! Glassware smashed into myriads of pieces. Large dishes full of spoons, knives and forks, emptying their contents indiscriminately on to the tables, decks, and under the stairway—all mixing together in one heterogenous mass, form one of the most hideous sounds ever heard on the face of the globe. During a lull, the stifled, hysterical sob of some frightened creature is heard, the window or port-hole of whose room not being secured properly, suddenly opened, drenching her, and soaking the bedding through and through. Holding on to a small projection about eight inches above my berth, I manage to avoid being suddenly ejected on to the deck, or into one of the two opposite berths.

Towards morning, the roaring of the winds has, in some measure, lessened, but still, although not to the extent the vessel had done a few hours previously, the bow of the ship is felt to be diving into the centre of some mighty wave, completely enveloping the forepart of the ship for a time. This windgale or hurricane has the effect of sending back to the berths, not only those who the day before were improving considerably, but many others who had no thought of turning in, while the sun was up at any rate. Not till morning did we know of our escaped danger. We find that several times during the night the

CIRCISSIAN

had stood a great chance of being swamped. This, however, was happily prevented by the Captain, who, when the storm was at its height, changed the course of the vessel two points and a half, thus avoiding to a great degree the direct force of a second sea enveloping the vessel, when almost entirely sailing on her side. This change, however, was not made in time to save the cabin passengers from being thoroughly frightened, and perhaps, if made a few hours previous, would not have prevented the accident. A bolt attached to the main mast and supporting a horizontal boom, forty feet long, one and a half feet thick, gave way, allowing the boom to alight on the tops of the smoking-room and parlor. On hearing the tremendous thump above them, the smashing of timbers and glass, the cabin passengers partly attired, rush into the Saloon, screaming and calling to one another in an excited manner. Hearing the confusion below, the Captain, Lieutenant Smith, R. N., hurries down, and succeeds in pacifying the more timid individuals. To catch and make steady the loosened end of the boom was a work of difficulty and danger. Several seamen were lashed by ropes to the railings, and as the boom swings to and fro with the motion of the vessel, the more daring ones spring from the tops of the

officers' cabins, on to the beam, throwing a noose over the end. The ropes are then made fast till morning.

Meanwhile the steerage passengers, numbering over seven hundred, are having a hard time. The whole number is divided into two divisions, male and female, each division occupying one large compartment. The male portion is swung in hammocks, placed side by side, twelve in a row. These are frequently insecure, and as the poor sea-sick mortal attempts to get in, he tumbles out on the opposite side, landing on one of the tables beneath; for, would you believe it, a table, where in the day time victuals are placed is fastened directly under every twelve hammocks. The individuals in hammocks are swung considerably with the regular motion of the ship, but on this ever-to-be-remembered night they are swung higher than before, striking repeatedly against the upper deck. In a second compartment, is the female portion sleeping in berths twelve in a row, two deep, furnished with such bedding as the passengers can afford to obtain for use. The way in which they obtain and receive their food in the

STEERAGE

may not be out of place to note here. Each passenger, at the outset, is supplied from the ship's stores, at his or her own cost, with a set of tins. With these in hand each one takes a seat at the table, and awaits patiently the arrival of two stewards burdened with delicacies. First dish is as follows:—huge boiler or cauldron, filled to the brim with a liquid which, by the name they apply, is common to most of us. For, as the attendants pass up and down the cry is "Who's for Soup?" "Soup here!" &c. And, as they dip a long-handled saucepan into the boiler, fill the quart or three-quart tins with an almost transparent liquid. Second dish:—This contains thick pieces of meat, which are picked out and thrown into the dishes set before the consumer, by means of a large pronged fork. Half loaves, potatoes, Irish stew, are thrust at those desiring such in a similar way. But, to return to the storm on Wednesday morning, the passengers, a few at a time, succeed in gaining the main deck after considerable knocking about in the various passages through which they must pass. And then what a grand yet awful sight is seen surrounding us on all sides! The wind, although abated, has by no means gone down altogether, and the waters have much the same appearance as they would have had if seen eight hours previous. Before, behind, to the right, and to the left, are seas and waves mountains high, and as our now-easily-tossed-boat sails along in the vale between these mighty waves, to the inexperienced traveller every moment seems to be our last. These mighty waves are continually approaching us, and just as they seem to be about ready to engulf passengers, cargo, vessel and all, glide beneath us, and we are tossed, not by any means gently, over the crest into another, and deeper vale than that just

left. Then frequently we catch the rolling waves at the bow, and with one fearful plunge the bow is imbedded for several moments in the deep waters, gradually appearing through the opposite side of the wave, and washed from bow to stern by the rushing waters. The deck, however, to-day, must be vacated both on account of safety and comfort, for at one moment the vessel, on her side, keeps the deck in an almost upright position, then suddenly swerving to a similar degree on the other side. Again, the stern is buried in the waters while the bow of the boat is high and dry in the air; but only for a moment, for the next instant it may be buried in a passing sea. When in mid-ocean, life-ropes strongly knotted are tied to the railings, entirely round the vessel. But even this storm has its end, and in a couple of days we are sailing swiftly towards America, and as pleasantly as one could wish. Faint and unpleasant feelings are beginning to wear off, that horrible retching and groaning to be a thing of the past, and on Friday night we retire to rest to dream of the pleasant sights of land to be seen to-morrow.

Saturday, September 8th.—Bright and early this morning the quick steps of the light-hearted Englishman, and pleasant Scotchman are heard, from fore to aft, and aft to fore, unceasingly, for several hours, while a merry, ringing laugh is at intervals heard, with shouts to the kind cooks below "to put on the kettle for the stomach's sake." For a means of warning sailors as well as passengers of the time during day and night, the ship's bells are used. The twenty-four hours are divided into watches, four hours in length. Commencing at eight o'clock, the bells strike eight times, at half-past eight strike one; at nine, two; half-past nine, three; and so on up to twelve, when the bells again toll eight times, and then begin afresh. The eight tolls, or as it is called on board, "eight bells" warn the fresh section of sailors to duty, a section being put on at the end of every watch. At seven thirty, as the bell tolls seven, a general stampede is made for the tables below, which are now crowded, not being any too much spare room for elbows, as on former occasions. A shout of

"LAND AHEAD!"

causes the rooms below to be emptied as quickly, I should imagine, as they were on board the *Pinta*, four hundred years ago. From the deck of the Circassian is seen a light blue line; this is land, and it being land, our hearts beat faster, our march becomes quicker than before. After five or six hours' steady sailing the barren and rocky shores of

LABRADOR

are plainly brought to view. The Labrador light-house is seen for several hours' time before and after passing it by. As they signal from the Labrador shore, we are in sight of land on the opposite side, this being

Newfoundland. And now for several hours as we pass through the Straits of Belle Isle we see land on either side. Towards evening one of these shores has dwindled into the old blue line, and soon on the opposite side it will be similar; in the morning finding ourselves once again out of sight of land. Last evening the regular ship concert under the management of the Captain was held, with the greater part of the passengers in attendance. The entertainment was presided over by Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. At the close an eloquent speech was made by one of the cabin passengers on behalf of the fellow passengers, in which the highest compliments were tendered to Lieutenant Smith, for the very efficient way in which he performed his duty as Captain, and also for his courageous conduct on the night of Tuesday's storm.

Sunday, September 9th—Early this morning no land is seen on either side, as we sail smoothly along towards the shores of Anticosti. Divine Service is held as usual in the Saloon, a large audience in attendance. The weather still keeps cool, not however, so cold as it has been for the past week. We will soon be past

ANTICOSTI,

and then our remaining journey will be looked upon as short indeed. As the day passes by, land on both sides of us is distinctly seen. Cities or towns far away and near the shore are spotted by the aid of telescopes, and also can be fairly seen with the naked eye. In the afternoon we pass Rimouski, where a number of passengers and the mail bags are taken on shore. Leaving Rimouski behind, we are getting nearer and nearer our point of destination, Point Levi, Quebec, but as evening again closes in on us we are a number of miles from the landing stage. We return into our berths for the last time, to dream of American trains, American steamers, American people, England for the time being in the background.

Monday, 10th—No rocking motion in the ship to-day, all steadiness now. On going up on deck, a crowd of passengers are seen walking to and fro, sailors running in different directions with coils of rope on their shoulders, ready for action. The ship is now lashed to the wharf posts of

POINT LEVI.

At a short distance from the shore a high bluff is seen. At its foot a crooked street, several miles in length, extends. Although the place is small, there are many hotels in the vicinity of the wharf and railway station. After a hurried breakfast, we go on shore and try to find our way about till eight or nine o'clock, the time for Custom House officers to put in an appearance. Before that time, a large amount of work must be

done. The steam elevators are at work for hours, bringing the luggage out of the hold. All trunks are first taken to the Company's sheds, and afterwards to the examining sheds. All this moving occupies a good deal of time. Selecting one of the several hotels at the Point, we leave our wrappings and hand baskets in charge of the proprietor, and return to the sheds. Here, hundreds of passengers are keeping watch, in long rows, over their boxes, awaiting the arrival of the

CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS,

who turn everything in the boxes topsy turvy in the hope of finding something on which duty may be charged. Several officers were kept busy from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, when the emigrants were all sent off together by special train. Not intending to leave by the day trains, we take the first opportunity of crossing to Quebec. After a walk of a mile and a half, we come to the Ferry Landing, and for a fare of three cents are taken over to Quebec. All along the Quebec side of the river, as far as we can see the wharfage, are vessels from the Ocean and rivers. In mid-stream, open for visitation, lies the man-of-war, "Canada," on which Prince George is a member of the crew. On landing we take a steep, rocky street for our first ramble, and then crossing through several side and bye streets, we find ourselves on one of the main streets, winding round the heights up towards the

FORTS.

At a great height from the waters below is built Dufferin Terrace. This name is applied to an excellently paved promenade, guarded by ornamental iron railings and supported by solid masonry, lately lengthened by order of Lord Dufferin. From this height we have a splendid view of that part of Point Levi beyond the bluff. Old cannons are here placed at short distances from one another. Ascending from this terrace, by a very long flight of steps, we are almost on a level with the fortifications. By the courtesy of one of the soldiers on duty we are admitted, and given into the charge of a fellow-soldier, who politely condescends to show us through the forts. Crossing a narrow bridge over a moat, we descend into a roadway between two high massive walls. Going in a semi-circular route we pass in through a large gateway cut through these very thick walls. Looking from one of the highest parts of the fort, we have the finest view possible of the country many miles distant. Large guns are placed on revolving platforms, at different points overlooking the St. Lawrence. In the centre of the fort several rows of stone buildings stand, being the quarters of officers, privates, apartments for the Governor-General, hospital for invalids from the garrison. Several large piles of cartridge balls, &c., are distributed round the grounds. A large number of minor compartments occupy positions in the interior of the Fort, and in the thick walls. Descending once

more to the Terrace by means of an elevator, we are taken down a steep incline, thus saving a long round by the roadway. Not far from Dufferin Terrace,

WOLFE AND MONTCALM'S MONUMENT

stands in the centre of a small park. Recrossing the river, we scramble up to the top of the bluff, to gain another good view of the chain of forts. At eight forty-five we leave for Montreal, and being rather done up to-night, steal occasional naps along the route. At Richmond we must leave our comfortable places, get down in the cold fog and wait patiently until the Montreal train is in readiness. Soon we are again hurrying on, stopping at several stations, and a little after seven

TUESDAY

morning are crossing on to the Island of Montreal. We speed quickly over the long closely-covered tubular bridge, Victoria, and steam into the Bonaventure Station at nine a. m. An Ottawa train is in waiting, and in a couple or three hours' time we are in the vicinity of Ottawa once more, after a ten weeks' tour, during which time a distance of over six thousand miles was travelled. Wishing now to meet our friends as soon as possible we drive smartly along and arrive in

MOUNT SHERWOOD

in time for dinner.

THE END.



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